

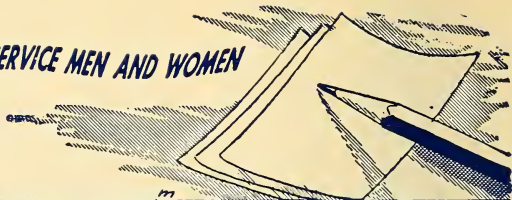
The LINK



October, 1948
15 cents

Notes TO SERVICE MEN AND WOMEN

By MAYO CORNELL



Odd how determined we humans are to make it hard for ourselves!

We stumble blindly along life's path looking for short cuts to this and that desire, wasting valuable time, stacking up remorse for our later years, shame for our stupidity and short-sightedness. We are all wayfarers traveling towards Truth, knowing instinctively that Truth alone can give us satisfaction, can give us peace.

We know, too, in the back of our stubborn minds, that personal salvation is a solo accomplishment, that no one can save us but us ourselves. As absurd as taking bronco-busting by mail, in 10 easy lessons, is our search for a short cut to salvation and Truth. Our determination to escape the effort and the cost is one of the most tragic liabilities to which we are heir.

Some people try to escape the cost by shutting their minds to the *need*; some seek to escape the personal responsibility and effort by joining a group, by joining a church—as if by that act they had accomplished salvation!

No, there is but one road, the straight and narrow one of personal integrity, of facing up squarely to the problem at hand.

One of the best interpretations of this thought is embodied in a poem written a decade ago by Stephen Crane. I believe I can quote it from memory. It is called:

THE WAYFARER

*The Wayfarer
Perceiving the pathway to Truth
Was struck with astonishment—
It was thickly grown with weeds.
"Ha!"—he said,
"I see that no one has passed here
In a long time!"
Later, he saw that each weed
Was a singular knife.

"Well," he mumbled at last,
"Doubtless there are other roads. . . ."*

Alas, my friend, there is no other road.

THE LINK

October, 1948
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Contents

PAGE

Rough Duty

Madeline Murray 3

The Navy in the Air

Ed Galing 9

The Night the Witches Wander

Raymond Musser 11

La Rabida's Overnight Guest

Vincent Edwards 13

The Four Godfathers

Josh M. Drake, Jr. 15

Fifty Years of Service

20

The Phone Call

Earl Hamon 22

Off the Records

Joey Sasso 24

Writing as a Hobby (Chapter Two)

Joseph Charles Salak 26

After Two Years in Japan (Conclusion)

Chaplain Claude E. Strait 31

Features

The Low-Down 2 Link Lines 36

Daily Rations 8 Topic Talks 37

Navy Day Crossword 21 Batting the Breeze 47

On the Beam 30 At Ease! 48

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Delmar L. Dyreson, Editor

Address all communications to 122 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington 2, D. C.



Madeline I. Murray (*Rough Duty*, page 3) spent almost three years in the WAVES. She was discharged as a Storekeeper, 1st Class, and still belongs to the Reserve Unit in Boston.

Back in civilian life "The Mad Murray," as she dubs herself, works for the John Hancock Insurance Company and attends the Boston University school of public relations three nights a week. In her spare time she performs with the Clarendon Players and The Troopers, the latter of which is a group of old faithful entertainers who still go around to the hospitals and entertain the veterans. She's really letting you in on a secret, you hospital veterans, for she always hopes "no one will recognize me—because I am very, very far from a glamorous gal on these trips—my partner and I dress up as comedy scrub-women and 1880 bathing beauties. But the patients laugh—and that is better than a view of the ceiling or four walls." We're sure they appreciate your efforts, Madeline—both written and performed!

Ed Galing, who writes of *The Navy in the Air*, page 9, served in the Army during the war. He knows about the Navy, though, because after a period as a civilian upon his return home, he signed up with the Naval Reserve as a stationkeeper, working at NAS Willow Grove, Pennsylvania.

As for writing, he declares, "I have always been doing this," and his service with the 3rd Army Headquarters enabled him to gather material in such places as Munich, Heidelberg, France,

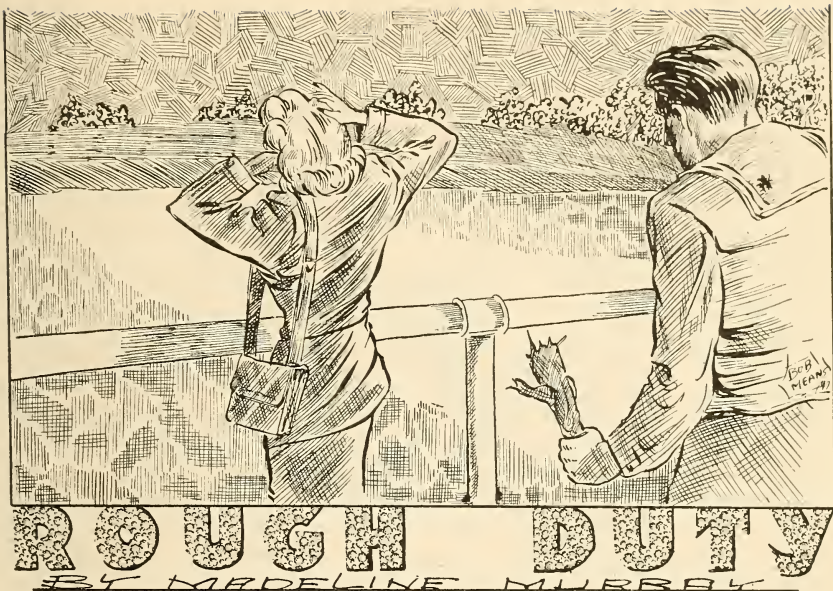
Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. You may have seen his work in *Stars and Stripes* and *Our Navy*. He has won prizes in various writing contests and attended Temple University as well as a local school, where he studied radio writing. Mr. Galing wants to write a novel, and you'll probably be seeing his name some more!

Raymond E. Musser (*The Night the Witches Wander*, page 11) is such an Old Faithful that we're sure nearly all LINK readers know him from former issues. For the benefit of any new readers, however, we'll say that Mr. Musser is pastor of a thriving young flock in Roanoke, Virginia. That philosophical-comical outlook he has on every subject he sends to us is derived, we believe, from close association with you and you in his 34 months of service as an Army chaplain.

Earl Hamon (*The Phone Call*, page 22) is principal of a high school in Pawnee, Oklahoma, having graduated from Oklahoma A & M College. He served some 50 months in the Army, 34 of which were in the Mediterranean area. Leaving the service as a captain, he came back resolved to write if he could "find any time at all." He's found it, and with this, his first sale, as an impetus, we think he'll manage to find some more.

This Month's Cover

Salute to the Navy! October is **your** month, sailor, so we are dedicating this issue of **THE LINK** to you. Our cover, which is from an official U. S. Navy photograph, shows the **U.S.S. Shangri-la** (CVE-30) silhouetted proudly against the gleaming skies. Carry on, mates!



Washington, D. C.
16 June 1944
Time: 0030
USNB

Dear Sparkie:

Here I am catching the Duty again. It's one of those hot, humid and buggy nights. Washington in summer . . . Bah!

Sorry for that bloody splash on the top of the sheet, but that bug had lived too long at my expense.

Here I sit answering the phone, logging in drafts and touring the building every hour. Also trying to locate WAVES. Regular date bureau.

It's now time to make my Security Tour so I'll finish this later.

18 June

That was a longer pause than I expected. In the meantime a little excitement came up. PAUSE . . . for you to express interest and a further PAUSE . . . while I tell you why I didn't finish the letter that night. I hurt my wrist. How come??

Well, I'd secured everything but the Personnel Office. Most of the watch say "nuts" and write letters. But not yours truly. I took my life in my hands and barged toward that dark pit, right smack into a chair and then crashed into a file on the way down. I had a grandstand seat to a lovely display of comets and stars plus a blinding flash of lightning. I blessed it out of existence and hobbled out onto the outside platform to take inventory of my wounds.

My dignity was definitely jarred and darn it, it hurt. Battlefield conditions and no chance of a citation. The worst casualty was my two longest fingernails. I wept silently. My shin felt moist so I snapped on the outside light to have a better look, and just then a sailor came out from between the buildings. He must have been startled because he flung his hand in front of his face and ran like mad for the river bank.

Back at the O.D.'s shack two sailors

were waiting to be logged in and you should have seen their eyes pop when I showed up. The witch of USNB.

When relieved I wasted no time in getting into the showers. Luck was with me—there was hot water! I just cocked my weary, beaten face up into that spray and soaked it up. Everything was so much better after that. My, but that bed felt good. The last thing I remember was hearing a noise over at USNB. I thought a new draft was checking in. But it wasn't. It was *murder*! I slept through all the excitement.

Two and a half hours later I was facing another problem. Lizzie Arden is good but she wasn't quite good enough. During the night my eye had turned purple and a nice bump had developed on my upper lip and forehead. At the office Charlie spotted it first. I told them I hadn't liked the shape of my face—so I changed it.

Just when the coffee had bubbled up Ens. James came in and had me haul my weary body out to the O.D.'s shack. Now what had I done wrong?

He asked if anything unusual had happened on my watch and what happened to my face. It was then I found out about the murder. It was a woman and they found her on the walk between the office and the WAVE barracks. She had been discovered shortly after I'd been relieved. She was a Civil Service girl from the Navy Department. Worked on "Overseas Drafts." Charlie knows more about that department than I do. He's friendly with someone over there that knows what assignments are available. You know, "if" a fellow has to go he'd rather make a choice and Charlie has helped a few fellows find "good duty."

The O.D. then bummed a cup of coffee from our section and we listened to all the chipping about the murder. I told

Charlie what had happened to me and maybe out of pity he invited me to drive to Baltimore with him.

I signed out of the barracks that noon so as to save a few minutes, and at 1630 we knocked off on the dot and made a dash for Charlie's car. They tell me just after we left the legal yeoman came down after me.

Peg's supper was super. (How's your grub these days?) Charlie went off to visit a friend and Peg and I sat on the back steps and watched the neighbors fight. One youngster loved the piano and played it from morning until late at night, or until the lady with the baby couldn't stand it any longer.

We were back early and I felt nice and relaxed until I came in and found I was on restriction—was I mad! So mad I couldn't sleep, so I took four aspirin and hoped they'd never be able to wake me. Yah. I know I volunteered. But I still like it (most of the time).

All my love,
Ginnie

19 June 1944

Dear Sparkie:

This typewriter sounds like a machine gun in this empty tomb. I'm feeling very sorry for myself at this point. Stayed in yesterday until they sent for me, which wasn't until 1030. What a headache that interview was. I can manage to get along but I'm no brain trust. When I came out of that building I was numb. That silly little rhyme about "The dirty little coward, that shot Mr. Howard" keeps running through my mind. I think someone has it in for me.

When I went into the legal office two Gold Braids, the Chaplain, and two civilians started to ask me about the night the woman was murdered. I told them the same story except I threw in

20 June 1944

the story about the scared sailor just for the laughs. They pounced on that like a ton of bricks and asked why I hadn't mentioned it before. It just hadn't seemed important to me. I'm not sure they believed me.

They wrote down all I could remember. He had tight curly hair—dark brown, it looked like—and he had on a ring, with green and red in it. Then it got to the point where it was getting difficult to say "Sir." The Chaplain could see I was about to explode and poured a little oil. He said they were trying to clear up a few points in the murder and as I was Navy they were there to see that everything was done for my protection. What protection did I need??

"Did I know the girl that was murdered?" "No." "Had I seen her picture?" "No." So they showed me one. She was quite a number if I know my sisters. I didn't know the girl by the name they said, but I had met her. This was Charlie's contact girl in the Navy Dept., and we'd all gone bowling one night. They forgot to ask me again after I'd seen it.

They sent me in to the doctor. I must have looked sick. I felt it. The doc took a look at my face and gave me a drink. Nasty! He gave me a going over and then handed me a note and told me to turn in to sick bay. I opened my mouth and he said, "You heard me." I said, "Yes sir."

Mary said she'd mail this uptown. She has a date and is she all slicked up!

I put the check in the bank and any day now we'll be able to buy that famous "pot to plant in."



Mary said she'd mail this uptown. She has a date and is she all slicked up!

Dear Sparkie:

Don't forget to tell me *all* about your furlough. Those extra sick days should come in handy. I can't say I like you wandering around Calcutta all alone. Still if I know you, you'll be able to find someone to swap yarns with.

The doc let me go back to work today and Charlie drove me over to the Navy Dept. for my dental appointment. They've been giving Charlie a bad time. Seems he'd taken the murdered girl to dinner last week after she'd done a favor for a friend. Then he asked why did I have to lie about meeting the girl.

Charlie has it that they think I'm "that way" about him and maybe I killed the girl because I was jealous. Of all the stupid ideas. I thought I had a corner on that market. You may be visiting me in Portsmouth yet!

I've been thinking about that girl. She wasn't murdered where she was found! I've noticed if anything out of the ordinary happens on that walk I always wake up and so do the other girls. That spot is too conspicuous! The murderer must have been taking the body somewhere and was frightened away. Perhaps I frightened him. He may be the frightened sailor boy after all. He'd have had a good reason for covering his face the way he did.

Did you know they have built offices down both sides of the Reflection Pool? And connected them with a bridge? Well, halfway across that bridge it happened again. I met a civilian I had met before—but where? After that business of not remembering the murdered girl's name it certainly doesn't make me

Love,
Ginnie

feel very bright. It can't be that we know each other too well because he just looked startled when I stared at him.

Forgot to tell you I'm taking Charlie's watch. I get off at 2400 so it isn't too bad. I have my own flashlight tonight. Wouldn't care for a second spill. Will continue later. . . .

Hey, am I excited! What a dope! Stupid me!!

On my tour I remembered! That fellow I saw on the bridge—he's the scared sailor! And what was a sailor doing in a civilian suit—or is it a civilian in a sailor suit?

It's late and it's raining and I don't want to believe what I just remembered, but my stomach and my nervous system keep telling me it's so. Tonight I'm going to ask the guard to walk to the barracks with me.

Love,
Ginnie

21 June 1944

Dear Sparkie,

I'm now at the barracks all glamourised up to go out to the show with Mary. I tried to get the legal officer but he is working on an accident case. I asked to have him call me when he has time.

Just had a nice surprise. Went down to get a bottle of milk to tide me over until Mary was ready and they had a box of fried chicken for me. Charlie must have left it because I took his watch. Nice guy. He usually brings me something from home, though.

Mary and I are going to nibble on this instead of eating uptown.

Sick Bay

Well, here I am again. Only this time Mary is with me. Guess that chicken wasn't so hot. I started first and went down and asked for castor oil and got it. Mary held off and is she a sick pup!

The Chaplain was here and I told him about the fellow on the bridge. He said he'd get in touch with Mr. Strike.

This time the fellow hadn't worn a ring but he had a bandaid on his neck just at the collar line. Scratches maybe? I told the Chaplain I didn't want to be positive. It's too much to expect; a quick glance at night was hardly strong enough evidence to hang a fellow with a crime.

When Mr. Strike came he set me back by asking me if I was sure Charlie had sent the chicken. Of course I wasn't positive!

Took a squint out of the window, and could you believe it, two of the S.P.'s are standing guard. Wish I knew whether they were trying to keep me in or someone out.

Can't stay awake any longer. That stuff the doc gave me sure was potent.

Nite,
Ginnie

23 June 1944

Dear Sparkie,

Men make me sick (sometimes). There I was trying to be a good little girl and go to church and come back to the barracks—per orders. Just when I was getting ready to come in, a car drove up and asked if I was Dolan. Then he said (the man, not the car) "I'm from the F.B.I. and you are to come with me." I'd had enough so I told him to "Get a new line and shove off." I was tired, hungry and the only place I was going was to bed. And I went.

Bought a paper and the headlines screamed "Murder suspect seen by WAVE." The way they wrote it up you'd think I had seen him do it and had blueprints of the whole affair.

While I was trying to catch a nap the W.O.D. let in two visitors. It was Mr.

Strike and the fellow in the car that claimed to be an F.B.I. man. Well—he was!

They just wanted me to look over a few pictures and see if any were familiar. And there HE was as a civilian and as a sailor. That last one had been doctored up a bit. They gave me quite a group to choose from and seemed satisfied about my choice. In fact they were so pleased I got panicky. I told them maybe I'd been thinking too much about it and had picked on some poor innocent guy. They said not to worry, they had more than just my say-so. Then they asked me to do a little job for them. I may be too busy to write for a couple of days.

Mary's better. Wish I'd get a letter from you.

Love,
Ginnie

30 June 1944

Dear Sparkie,

I'm on my way home for a ten-day leave and I need it. My nerves keep singing like a harp . . . one backfire and they'll scrape me off the overhead.

I guess I told you that I was to do some extra work for the F.B.I. man, didn't I? Well, I've been a decoy for "The Murderer." Not a pleasant occupation. They figured that the murderer was out to see that I didn't have an opportunity to identify him. Soooo—they asked me to go out *alone* every night, and to travel the *same route*. That way they planned to keep men posted in definite places. If I was seen to do the same thing every evening the murderer might think it a good chance to take a whack at me. Wasn't that a happy thought to have while out for a walk?

We settled that I would develop a habit of going down for waffles. This

has done a terrible thing to me. Once I loved waffles, and remember how happy I was to be near moving water? All that is a thing of the past.

A course was charted out for me where I was to stop and look at the Potomac and where I was to keep moving. It was awful. My stomach kept jumping so that I could feel it move under my belt, and every time there was a noise in back of me I prayed I wouldn't scream out or turn around.

Monday night I walked "The Walk" and ate waffles. Tuesday night, waffles. Wednesday, tomato juice. Thursday, milk. Friday night I ordered French fries and took some of them with me. I couldn't swallow them. The same old walk every night and the same old stops and then the night of the French fries—BAM!

I was so glad it was over that I didn't care one way or the other. That crack on the head was all I needed. I fainted!

When I opened my eyes there I was again in sick bay, only this time a nurse was sitting beside me. She told me I had asked if it was all over and had promptly gone to sleep. She said she was just dying to know what had happened and I told her so was I.

I said "yes" and "no" to the doctor and acted sick to everyone else. You could tell he wasn't the regular doctor by the way the nurse was bowing and beaming all over the place. He must have been "Special." I suppose they really had given me every "protection" possible.

Reported to Mr. Strike this morning. Mr. F.B.I. was there too and they both thanked me for what I had done. I in turn thanked them for saving me from an early grave. When the thanking was over I asked them to answer a few questions for me. Were they sure they

had the right fellow? Had that girl asked for what happened to her? Was I through with the whole thing or did I have to testify or anything? There was a *Yes, Yes*, and a *No* and I felt better. "One less leak in the dike," the man said, and asked me to forget the whole thing.

Then this is where I could kick myself. I started to ask for a leave to see Mom and right in the middle I put my head down on the desk and cried. You know they're two nice people and smart, too. They just got up and closed the door after themselves.

I've asked my sister to meet me at the station so I won't have to go out in the dark alone. You have a project all cut out for your postwar work. Someone is going to have to teach me that the dark can be beautiful and not just a place for murder. I'd hate to have to break in a new man.

So take care of yourself, darling.

Love,
Ginnie



October 24, which marks the anniversary of the coming into force of the United Nations, "shall henceforth be officially called 'United Nations Day' and shall be devoted to making known to the peoples of the world the aims and achievements of the United Nations and to gaining their support for the work of the United Nations," according to a statement of the General Assembly.



Coming: The first of a series of articles entitled "Journey Through the Holy Land," by James L. Harte, will be published in the November issue of THE LINK.



BIBLE READINGS FOR THE MONTH

(Prepared by James V. Claypool, Secy., Promotion of Bible Use, American Bible Society)

1. I Peter 1 **Lasting Riches**
2. I Peter 2 **Holy Obedience**
3. I Peter 3 **Wives and Husbands**
4. I Peter 4 **Joy in Suffering**
5. I Peter 5 **Duties of Elders**
6. II Peter 1 **Be Not Idle**
7. II Peter 2 **Deceitful Teachers**
8. II Peter 3 **Hold Fast**
9. I John 1-2:11 **Walk in the Light**
10. I John 2:12-29 **Love Not the World**
11. I John 3 **Beware Seducers**
12. I John 4 **Love Is of God**
13. I John 5 **He Hears**
14. II, III John **Walk Worthily**
15. Jude **Try to Be Consistent**
16. Revelation 1 **The First and Last**
17. Revelation 2 **To Seven Churches**
18. Revelation 3 **The Overcomer**
19. Revelation 4; 5 **The Throne in Heaven**
20. Revelation 6:1-7:8 **Sealed and Certified**
21. Revelation 7:9-8:13 **Before God**
22. Revelation 9; 10 **Angel with Book**
23. Revelation 11; 12 **War in Heaven**
24. Revelation 13; 14 **Blessed Are the Dead**
25. Revelation 15; 16 **Plagues of Wrath**
26. Revelation 17 **The Scarlet Woman**
27. Revelation 18 **A Great City Fallen**
28. Revelation 19 **The Word of God**
29. Revelation 20 **Final Judgment**
30. Revelation 21 **A New Earth**
31. Revelation 22 **Keep the Word**



THE NAVY

in the AIR

By Ed Galing

THE Navy is prepared! You can find the proof any time by coming out to the U. S. Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. One of the busiest, if not the largest, of Naval air stations, this field has put in among the highest averages in flying time of any of the 22 stations scattered throughout the United States.

Perhaps you are not familiar with what has taken place in the Navy since the war terminated—especially the part that deals with the upper regions. More than ever, the last war has proved that battles must now be won in the air, before they can be won on land. Even the staid old battleship, the mainstay of the Navy, has now taken second place, with the aircraft carrier now moving up to the front. The battleship, although being discarded for more up-to-date equipment, such as guided missiles and jets, will still be with us. However, with the carrier the Navy has a base capable of going anywhere in the world and launching planes that can settle a dispute in a hurry.

Not that the Navy intends to use these weapons indiscriminately. But they cannot afford to discard them.

Today the Navy's plans are to stay

so strong in the air that it would be discouraging to any nation with warlike tendencies. The 22 Naval Reserve air stations in the United States all have this one aim in mind, and to this effect have taken it upon themselves to keep their former aviators and technicians in trim. Enlisted personnel with aviation ratings are also, of course, included in the program.

From a humble beginning, Naval Air has sprouted its wings to gratifying size in the past year. Under Rear Admiral Richard F. Whitehead, Chief of the Naval Air Reserve Training in the United States, enlistments and reenlistments have increased.

The Naval Reserve program is divided thus:

The Volunteers: These former Naval aviators can come out to fly at any time, without joining any particular squadron, or receiving pay. Their only interest is in keeping up-to-date in their flying abilities, and holding their commissions. Enlisted men are also included in this category. Needless to say, the Volunteers compose a good majority of the men who come out on their own initiative.

The Organized: Men belonging to the

Organized Reserves are both enlisted men with aviation ratings, and Naval aviators, who receive base pay, and are part of a squadron. They must put in at least two week-ends out of four, receive all facilities of the station, and are a highly efficient group of men. Among the Organized, morale is very high, and the ranks are being ever increased.

Associate Volunteers: These men belong to some organized squadron, but are not required to attend regularly, neither do they receive flight pay. However, the knowledge they obtain does more than compensate for lack of monetary means.

These are not the only outlets for men versed in aviation who want to stay that way. For all through the year, and especially during the summer months, an aviator can sign up for a two-weeks' active duty cruise, with an intensive program mapped out for his convenience and for which he will receive pay commensurate with his rank. Not only does the aviator get a chance to increase his knowledge, but also the enlisted man, and often old friendships are renewed and new ones made.

The beauty of the whole program is that during the week these men are civilians in every respect, and they revert

only on week-ends to their Naval rank.

The most popularly used planes are SNJ's, SNB's, and F4U's, with flights frequently scheduled to Bermuda and other distant points.

Now the Navy has added something new. It is allowing aviators to sign up for additional duty of a few months' duration, or even join the fleet for active duty for one year, all pointing to the increased intensity with which the Navy is strengthening its forces.

Every year Navy Day means open house at all Naval air stations, with the civilian public being given an insight into the workings of our Reserves. Last year, for instance, Willow Grove played host to about 15,000 people, showing that civilians are more than a little interested in what the Navy is doing.

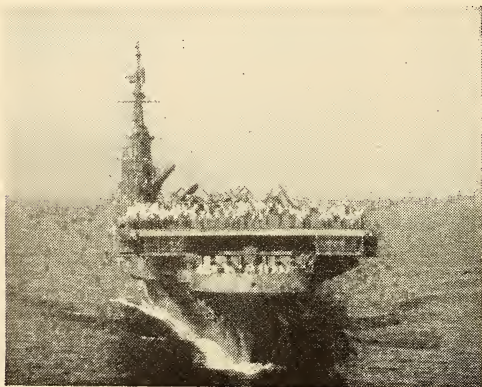
The program this year will call for 7,426 officers, and 25,698 men for the Organized Reserves, with an all-out drive among all stations.

One thing you can be sure of. Morale among all personnel is high. To make things more pleasant for everyone there are free movies, dances, and a Ship's Service at every station. All this tends to make the Naval Air Reserve a "good deal" for anyone who wants to keep on doing his bit during peacetime.

Navy Day is a good time to look backward over the past, and compare it with the future. Right now things look bright indeed.

Little wonder that the slogan of the Naval Air Reserve is, "Packs Peace Power." In those few words you have the purpose and the spirit behind the entire organization.

It is the fulfilling of the wise adage: "It is better to have guns and not need them, than not to have guns and need them."





HAVE you seen Balkans celebrate May Day? Or Fiji Islanders or Indian inlanders at a fertility festival? Yeah? Well, they were pink tea parties. You should see Times Square on Allhallows' Eve!

Druidism

It all began 'way back when people were primitive. The aborigines of north France and England had a religion called Druidism. Druids were seers, or prophets, somewhat similar to Samuel in the Old Testament. But the Druids were a priest-teacher-magician combination. They led elaborate idol worship and baptismal and funeral rites. They believed in their own way in immortality; and that their god Saman, lord of death, called together the wicked spirits each year on the eve of November first. During the night the ghosts and witches wandered abroad and natives built big bonfires to drive the devils away.



BY RAYMOND

13

MUSSER



Civilization

When Roman legions suppressed the Celtic savages they disciplined tribal barbarism, thus modifying Druidism's more cruel customs and practices. The Romans had a fall festival too: one in honor of Pomona, when nuts and apples were shared from house to house, celebrating the safe storage of winter's supply. So, why not substitute Pomona for Saman, and crack nuts instead of dodge devils?

Then Christianity, following along after Roman rule and order, substituted Christian belief for the Druid. The spirits soaring abroad were characterized as good (hallowed) spirits, souls of the saints; November the first was made All Saints' Day, and the night before called Allhallows' Eve.

Witchcraft

But witchcraft was so firmly rooted in tradition and folklore that the grafting on of Roman and Christian ideas did not completely change the old customs. Paganism simply retreated to the back country as civilization and Christianity increased. Sacred dances, feasts, festivals, and liturgical ritual were common practices, even as now on the South Pacific islands or in the jungles of Africa and India. Assemblies called "Sabbaths" (holy days) came four times a year, one of the greatest being the fall fertility festival on November-eve. It was like a great fair. Thousands gathered for a gala evening and an all-night hop. They made big whoopee!

The band of leaders was called a "Coven"—always 13 of 'em: one chief devil and 12 other members. (Thus another reason for the unlucky number "13" superstition). A black cat was the "divining familiar" (like our modern

sorcerers who use a crystal ball), and was consulted before the taking of a journey or undertaking an enterprise. The Coven-members dealt in charms and spells, and burned or beat enemies in effigy.

Backed by modern civil law, Christianity hunted down and brought to trial and death persons practicing pagan witchcraft, successfully crushing it in high places.

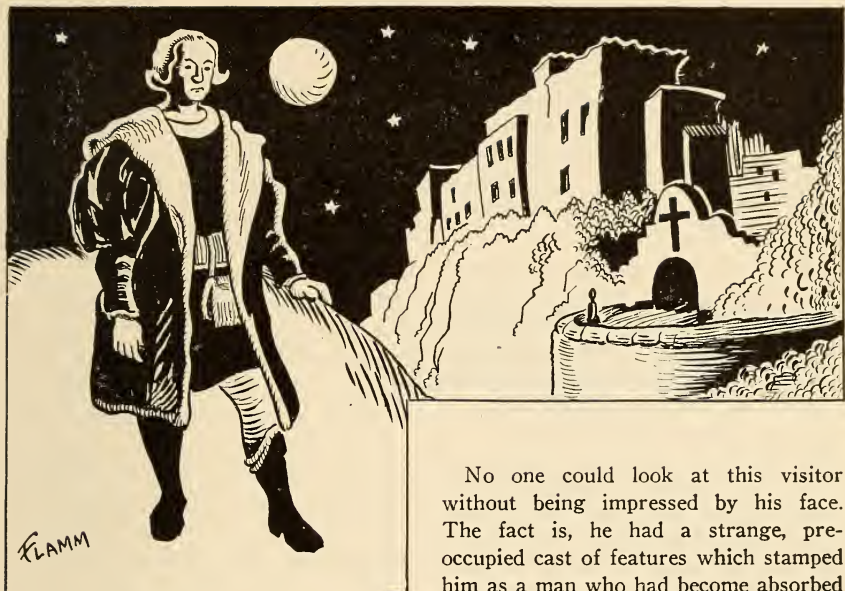
Modern Mixture

At present Hallowe'en is less a religious than a recreational festival.

Druid black cats and witches riding high on brooms or crouched before caldrons decorate the party hall. Roman fruits and nuts, Pilgrim corn, fodder, and pumpkin cut-outs, and backwoods apple cider and gingerbread all came in somewhere along the line. Witchlore fascinates the revelers, who mask their faces and wear grotesque costumes. Modern devils (in the flesh) let practical pranks degenerate into vandalism through city streets, misplacing every moveable item on porch and in park, setting druidistic bonfires of autumn leaves. Innocents in gypsy attire beg candy from door to door . . . and they are not too innocent unless adequately appeased by sweets and fruits!

And next morning a few faithfuls who remember it is a Christian festival go to Hallowmas.

So, Joe, watch the calendar for Hallowe'en. If you like whoopee, get a cowbell or some other noise-maker and go downtown; if you want quiet, dig a foxhole in the back yard and crawl into it: but NOT in the lee of a little jeep-sized house, Mac, for nowadays "Covens" never fail to turn THAT little house over!



La Rabida's OVERNIGHT GUEST By VINCENT EDWARDS

IF you should ever visit Spain it will pay you to go to the small coastal town of Palos and there look up a low, irregular building with plastered walls and a red-tiled roof from which rises a small tower. When townspeople lift their eyes to that tower they experience mingled feelings of hope and peace. At the very top, rising from the pinnacle, is an iron cross that glistens in the sun.

Few buildings in Europe have a more impressive history than the venerable monastery of La Rabida. A curious story is told about this place. On an August evening, four hundred and fifty-six years ago, there came to one of the little upper rooms a gaunt and solemn stranger. He had come there to be the guest of the monks for a single night.

No one could look at this visitor without being impressed by his face. The fact is, he had a strange, pre-occupied cast of features which stamped him as a man who had become absorbed by a single ambition. His gaze seemed to envelop not only his immediate surroundings but to take in the far-off happenings of the future.

On this particular evening the lonely guest did not settle down quietly in his chamber. His mind seemed troubled. All through the night he was curiously restless, for several times the abbot heard him climb to the roof overhead.

If an observer had been lurking in the shadows he might have wondered at this visitor's strange behavior as he stood under the stars. He would reach out his hand into the darkness as if he were feeling for a breeze, but then let it fall with a sigh. No breath of air seemed to be moving in all that wide expanse.

For hours the atmosphere hung motionless above La Rabida. But just before sunrise, when the guest climbed once more to the roof, he made a discovery. Out of the blue hills an easterly wind came gently stirring, bringing with

it the fragrant odor of herbs and blossoms. It blew strongly and steadily across the plains of southern Spain that were still wreathed in the mists of the morning.

As it touched the cheek of the stranger his nervousness vanished and his face shone with a new confidence in the light of the dawn.

His gaze turned toward the harbor. Looking downward in that shadowy light one could barely descry the outlines of three ships anchored in the river at the foot of the bluff. Those caravels were so small that they appeared no bigger than toy ships.

But the lonely man suddenly sprang into action. Swiftly he descended from the roof to join the brothers who were already astir. With them he went down into the small chapel, for before he bade them farewell there was held one last solemn communion with God.

Up on the roof of La Rabida an hour later several lay brothers stood where the stranger had kept his lonely vigil. They gazed in silence as they saw their

overnight guest being rowed out to one of the three little ships.

Then the sails with their great red crosses were spread to the wind. The men on the roof and the crowd on the beach all stood awed and silent as the caravels began to move down the river.

Smaller and smaller grew the ships. At last they had dropped below the horizon, vanishing altogether.

As that happened a sigh escaped the little group on the roof. The lips of the brothers moved silently for they prayed for the sailors and their captain as if they were men already dead. . . .

As all the world knows, the monks' guest for the night never found the short cut to India which he sought. But today when men raise their eyes to La Rabida's red-tiled roof and its cross against the sky, their hearts also lift with hope. After a buffeting voyage Columbus touched a New Land, better than his dreams. From La Rabida he had been guided more wisely than he knew.

The peoples who live on the shores of the Atlantic, east and west, have great men whom they can share. When we trace back their lives, the scene changes from east to west and back again. Indeed, we hope that more and more the nations will think of their great sons as gifts to be shared by all mankind.

Supposing we consider William Penn, born October 14, 1644. Every American honors him; and not one, even if he only looked at his maps, can forget him. States are named sometimes after kings and queens, Maryland and Louisiana, for example; but there are only two named after men on the heroic scale. These two are Washington and Penn, whose name is fitly joined to Sylvania.

All nations, and not only two, can share in the spirit in which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians. It comes from a source which is not east or west, north or south, but open to all the children of men. "The great spirit," Penn said to the Indians, "who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you and to serve you to the utmost of our power."

—Edward Shillito in "Sharing a Great Man," NCCJ



WE were just four guys from the four corners of the nation with backgrounds just that far apart, but we got along okay. It seems that the American service man has a way of fitting in with all sorts of people, any climate or any situation. Our ages ranged from twenty-four to thirty-one. Andy, the youngest, was from Boston. He quit college to enlist in the Army a few days after Pearl Harbor. Bill was a salesman from Santa Ana, California. Moe, the oldest, was a school teacher from Terre Haute, Indiana, and I was a dirt farmer from the heart of the Oklahoma dust bowl. It's funny how you can get to like a bunch of guys you eat, sleep and work with. Oh, we had our little differences of opinion but we always managed to sit down and talk them out.

Our biggest argument came shortly after we arrived in New Caledonia with Moe, Andy and me all against Bill. The argument was about the ugliest, whiniest puppy I had ever seen. Bill had given a native a package of cigarettes for him and said he planned to keep him in the tent.

We all put thumbs down, but Bill wouldn't give an inch. Andy claimed

that it was unsanitary to keep a dog where human beings were sleeping. Bill granted that it would be under normal conditions, but after months of sleeping on the ground, being exposed to tropical diseases and eating K rations we could hardly be called normal human beings and should be immune to anything.

Moe argued that it wouldn't be fair to the pooch or ourselves to keep him, for just about the time we became at-



tached to him we would be ordered back into combat, and we would have to leave him behind. To this Bill replied that he had heard from a most reliable source that the 25th was going to stay in New Caledonia and guard installations until the war was over.

I said that as a farm boy I had raised several puppies and found them to be more trouble than calves, pigs or even monkeys, but Bill wouldn't give an inch. He talked on and on until he wore the three of us down. As we gave in Moe remarked that Bill must have been the talkingest dog-goned salesman in the Sunshine State.

That was the beginning of several sleepless nights. The puppy barked every time the guard passed our tent, which was every 15 minutes all night long.

Bill called him "Butch" because he said it sounded like an infantryman's dog, rough and tough. Raising him proved to be more of a problem than even I had expected. His teeth were sharp as needles and he was always trying them out on our clothes. Dozens of mornings we would get up, hurrying to make reveille, and find that Butch had dragged our shoes and leggings out of the tent. We fed him well and he grew fast, but his feet seemed to grow faster than any part of him. He was so clumsy that he often tripped and fell over his own feet.

He was a sad-looking pooch. Bill said he looked to be half purebred bird dog and the other half just mongrel. He had sagging jaws and a pair of sad eyes that made you feel sorry for him. I think it was his mournful expression that won all our hearts.

Moe, a psychology teacher, explained that it was our paternal instincts working out when we showered our affections on Butch. Both Moe and I were married and had baby daughters we

had never seen. He explained that out in this God-forsaken hole away from our families we had to be affectionate to something and Butch was to us what a cat is to a lonely old maid. Of course, when he explained this he used psychological terms and jawbreaking words, but it all boiled down to the same thing in plain old infantryman's language.

At the age of six months Butch, the Company G mascot, had already gained quite a reputation for himself. I guess he was more widely known than any man in the regiment. He could pull more boners than all the other eightballs in the outfit. His reputation as the regimental eightball was gained the day he tore the legging off Colonel Swede Larson, the regimental commander.

It happened one Saturday morning when the Colonel made an inspection of all the tents in our Company. Now, the thing that happened wasn't altogether Butch's fault. The natives were bad to steal Army clothes and we had trained him to attack any stranger who tried to enter our tent when we were not present. . . .

We were all standing at attention in the company area a few yards away as Colonel Larson walked to the doorway of our tent, little suspecting that a vicious beast lurked inside. As he approached, Butch uttered a low warning growl but Larson paid no heed. Butch barked furiously and the hair stood up on his back as the Colonel stepped into the tent, but still the Colonel ignored him. Then it happened!

Butch, no respecter of rank, grabbed a mouthful of legging and held on. When Andy rushed up and pulled him loose he kept a piece of the legging for a souvenir. The Colonel wasn't pleased a bit. Needless to say, Butch was placed on the regimental dirt list along with every man in the Company.

It seemed that Butch was always getting in Colonel Larson's hair. If the Colonel hadn't been such a swell egg he would have given us a direct order to shoot Butch or get rid of him some other way.

A few days after the legging incident another thing happened that put Butch and his four godfathers in the regimental doghouse permanently. That day the Colonel called the whole regiment to an outdoor theater to give an important lecture. A loud-speaker was hooked up and Larson talked to us three thousand men under his command through a mike standing on the makeshift stage.

Butch sat perched on Bill's lap with his ears thrust forward as if he were listening to every word. He shouldn't be blamed for what he did during that lecture. . . .

The regimental Special Service personnel were not too popular with us riflemen because they seemed to spend all their working hours riding around in jeeps or sitting in their tents while we were out drilling and running problems. It was only natural for us to set Butch on the Special Service officer's dog every time he came around our rifle company. Butch always chewed his ears and sent him howling with tail tucked between his legs to the Special Service tent every time they met, and we heartily encouraged it.

So it was only natural for Butch, a victim of circumstances, to jump out of

Bill's lap and tackle the sissy dog as he walked by with his nose in the air. How was he to know that the regimental commander was giving a lecture?

Butch landed on top of the S.S. dog like the real infantryman's pooch that he was, and started growling and chewing. The other canine was not much of a scrapper but he could howl louder

than any dog on the island and he did some of his best howling right there.

There is nothing like a dog fight to put some life into a bunch of doughboys who have been dozing through a long lecture. The three thousand infantrymen started laughing and craning their necks and completely ignored the lecture.

As the howling of the S.S. dog and the volume of laughter grew the Colonel raised his voice, but he was soon completely drowned out in spite of his talking through a loud-speaker. At last he stopped talking, placed his hands on his hips and just stood there with a far from pleased expression on his face.

The howling S.S. dog finally broke free and went scurrying through the crowd toward the stage. Butch, a natural-born show-off, encouraged by the lusty shouts of three thousand doughboys, followed at his heels. The S.S. dog jumped upon the stage and stood there howling while Butch tried to leap up after him. He made several tries but each time he fell back.

Larson refused to see the humor of



the incident. He said in a loud voice over the mike, "Will one of the men from Company G be so kind as to come get their problem child, take him away, and tie him up until this lecture is over?"

Bill rushed up to the stage, blushing like a school girl, grabbed Butch and made a hasty exit. We four men from G Company caught plenty of extra detail after that.

There were several other times when Butch pulled boners. Like the time he walked out in front of the targets when we were firing on the rifle range. Colonel Cyrus Drew didn't like it a bit when he had to give a *cease firing* order so we could rescue him. Those were only a few of the episodes in the Army career of our lovable, homely, clumsy Butch.

For 10 months Butch lived as a real infantryman, and as he grew older he seemed to become more mournful-looking. Then one day the orders came for our division to start loading ships. MacArthur was ready to go back to the Philippines and the Old Tropic Lightning Division was chosen to play a leading role in the show.

The morning after getting orders to move we all sat wondering what to do with Butch. We couldn't take him with us. The naval transports had strict orders against pets of any kind, and even if there hadn't been, none of us wished to take him into combat. We couldn't leave him there to be starved and kicked and cuffed around by the natives. We all agreed that we would rather see him dead than become a mangy bum like the hundreds of dogs on the island. The only human thing was to put a bullet through his head, but who would do it?

Nobody wanted the job, so we decided to settle it by drawing straws. Bill drew the shortest one, so the job of disposing of the dog was his.

Without a word he picked up his M-I, slammed in a clip and, calling to Butch, walked toward a bamboo thicket. I started to reach out and pet Butch as he hurried after Bill but pulled my hand back. After all, I was an infantryman, as hard as nails and as tough as a boot. To have shown any humaneness toward a dog might have been considered a weakness by my comrades.

Moe busied himself packing a barracks bag, Andy cleaned his rifle and I pretended to read an old magazine. Nobody said anything. We were listening for the crack of Bill's M-I. We dreaded to hear it but at the same time we wished it were over. Three, five, ten minutes passed.

Suddenly Andy broke the silence. "Why doesn't he get it over with?" Then he added as if to console himself, "It's the human thing to do, the only thing."

Before Moe and I could answer him it came. There was no mistaking the sound of an M-I.

"Well," Moe said with a catch in his voice, "that's over."

We all went back to our tasks.

Presently Bill walked in with Butch following him. "Gee, fellows," he blurted out, "I just couldn't do it."

"But the shot," I said.

Bill answered, "I tried a practice round at a tree just to make sure I was steady. After that I took a bead right between his eyes and he just stood there looking at me with those big, brown eyes of his and I just couldn't pull the trigger. I could have done it if he hadn't looked at me. I finally decided to come back and get somebody else in the Company to do it. On the way back an idea struck me. We don't have to shoot him. Remember that naval observation station about 30 miles down the island? They will be here for the

duration. Surely some sailor would like to have him."

We all agreed it was a swell idea, but the next problem was to get a jeep. Since we were moving, the Motor Officer had strict orders not to dispatch any vehicles.

We went to our battalion chaplain. We all called him "Chappie." He was a good egg and everyone talked to him when they had a problem or just felt down in the dumps.

"Of course we mustn't shoot Butch," Chappie said. "I'll ask the Colonel for a jeep and tell him it's an emergency. It may not be considered an emergency by the Army, but I'm sure the good Lord would not consider my statement a falsehood."

The Colonel didn't question Chappie when he said it was an emergency, and Chappie got the jeep. We all piled in with Butch, and Chappie drove us down to the naval observation station.

We found several sailors playing volley ball in front of a quonset hut. Bill asked them if they would like to have an American-raised dog and explained why we were giving him up. They were glad to get him and promised that he would receive the best of care. We snapped a few pictures of him, careful not to let the sailors see that we were sentimental, then quickly loaded into the jeep and drove away.

Butch tried to follow us, but a big sailor held his collar. He seemed to

realize that we were leaving him for always for he tried desperately to free himself and follow. His big, sad eyes never looked sadder. They seemed to say, "Why are you fellows leaving me?"

As we drove away Andy said, "If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the way he looked at us."

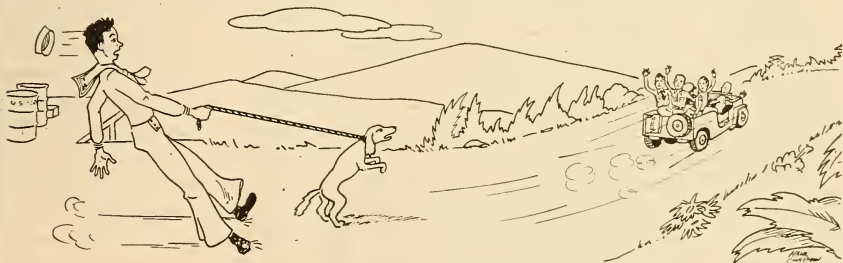
Moe said, "When we invade Luzon and gain a foothold all these installations will move farther north. I wonder what will become of him."

"Yeah," Bill said, "war sure is tough on dumb animals." He looked at the chaplain and asked, "Chappie, could you, well, sort of put in a good word to the Good Man about Butch the next time you talk to him?"

Chappie smiled and nodded his head.

As we drove back I glanced at my comrades. In a few weeks we would be in the first wave of the Luzon invasion. Our chances of coming out alive were about fifty-fifty, yet they were worrying about what would happen to a cur two thousand miles from the battle zone. And I thought if all the people in the world could be taught to live and think like them we would never have another war.

The Luzon campaign proved to be the roughest our outfit had seen. All four of us were wounded and one of the four didn't get back. I'm sure the other two survivors, like myself, often wonder what happened to Butch.



Fifty Years of Service

IN September a half century ago the Army and Navy Department of the YMCA was born. YMCA work among members of the United States armed forces had its beginning as the "U. S. Christian Commission" in the early days of the Civil War, but it was not until war again in 1898 that this important phase of Association service was organized on a permanent basis.

The war work of what was to become the Army and Navy Department started on the day war was declared, April 25, 1898, with the appointment of a committee known as the "Army and Navy Christian Commission." This commission, with the encouragement of President McKinley, obtained permission from Washington to locate YMCA tents with any of the commands in training or in the field. The program consisted of providing indoor games, outdoor recreation, free correspondence material (at a cost to the YMCA of \$1,000 a week), ice water (at \$100 a day), reading materials and distribution of Bibles and Testaments.

When the Army and Navy Department became a permanent part of Association work, expansion was rapid. By 1901 the department was actively at work in the United States, Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, China, Alaska, Hawaii and on nine transports.

The second decade of the department's existence brought the experience of the first World War. Within a week after the United States entered the war in

1917 the Army and Navy Department Committee of the YMCA approved the War Work Council plan for serving the military and put it into action. On June 25 the first delegation of 27 overseas secretaries sailed for France, the

nucleus of an army of 25,926 men and women workers eventually marshaled to carry on YMCA war service.

After a period of readjustment at the close of the war in 1918 the Army and Navy Department began expansion anew. The peace years were fruitful. By the spring of 1940 new concentra-

tions of service men and industrial workers brought a realization that immediate steps were necessary. The National Council authorized "appropriate expansion of Army and Navy Department work" and the foundations of YMCA work in World War II were laid.

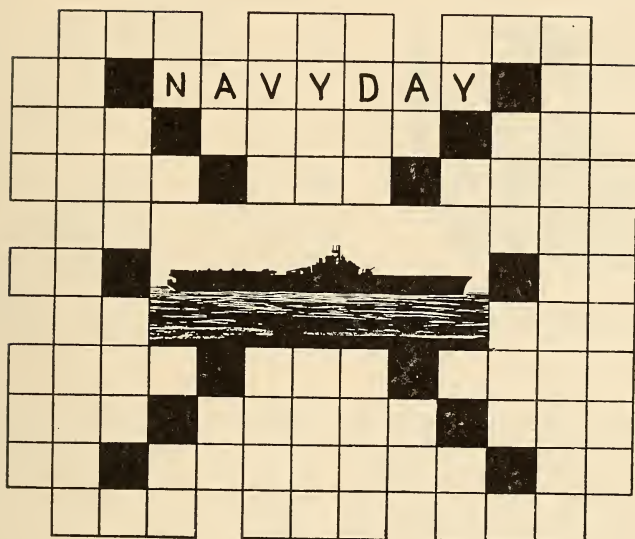
In February, 1941, the United Service Organization was formed. The first USO club opened on November 28. During the six years of its activity from 1942 to 1948 nearly 460,000,00 visits were made to 568 USO clubs and armed service YMCA's. Following liquidation of the USO in December, 1947, the Armed Services Department resumed its own identity and carried on at 26 locations formerly designated as USO

Now in this 50th anniversary year of 1948, the Armed Services Department of the YMCA is conducting a total of 56 operations in the United States, the Canal Zone, Hawaii, China and Alaska.



NAVY DAY CROSSWORD

By Harry Thomson



Here's a **different** kind of crossword for you. We're going to let you make your own this time. Below are listed all the words which go into the squares of the puzzle, and you can have the fun of putting them in the right places, crossing off each word as you use it so you'll know what words you have left. We've given you a start with "Navy Day," and you can begin by looking in the 4-letter word list for terms which will fit the squares running vertically through "Navy Day." This will lead you out into more and more squares. So take it from here, Mac!

2-LETTER WORDS

Ab	Ho!
Al.	H.Y.
As	Lo!
At	N.G.
B.C.	R.N.
Ed.	S.N.
El	So
Et	S.S.
Co	T.T.

3-LETTER WORDS

Ate	Man
Aha!	Mic.
Ana	Oct.
AUS	Roe
Baa	Sad
Era	Sir
C.P.O.	Son
Has	S.O.S.
Hut	Sot
Let	Too

4-LETTER WORDS

Abet
Atop
Aver
Edge
Eros
Gobs
Odin
Polo
Rant
Tyro

5-LETTER WORDS

Bergs
Hoods

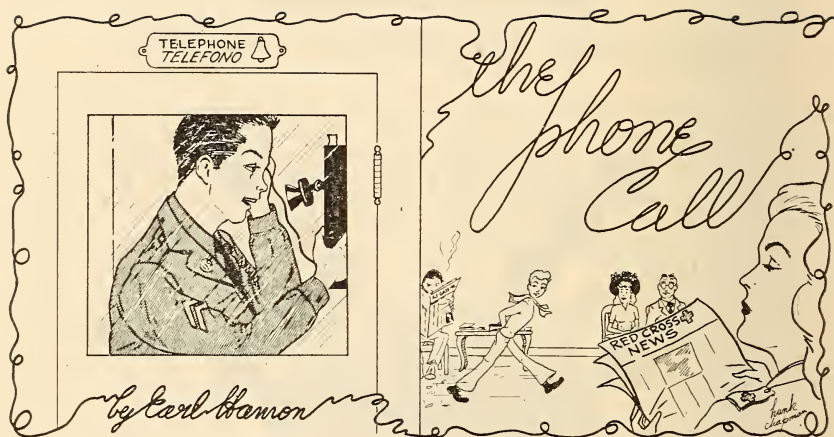
7-LETTER WORDS

Navy Day
Goblins

11-LETTER WORDS

Scuttlebutt
Slingstones

(For solution, please turn to page 23.)



ON my way to Naples from a GI tour in Switzerland, I stopped for a day to attempt the call from Rome, since it was the only city from which a call could be made. Ordinarily one placed his call one day and talked a week later. However, I could see no loss if I tried to place a call and talk the same day.

The exchange opened at noon. I was the first in line to tell my story to an Italian girl, who took me to the Army liaison officer with the exchange. He checked my orders and told the girl she could try to place the call for 7:00 that evening.

I waited through the afternoon at the Red Cross Club at Piazza Barberini. At 5:00 I ate an early dinner at the Ristorante Fagiano on Corso Umberto. Then I walked along the Corso south to Via del Tritone and east to Via Veneto. At the top of the hill south of the British Embassy, I entered the telephone exchange.

The waiting room was crowded. There were two sailors, two American Red Cross girls, an American civilian couple, and several GI's and officers about the room. They were tense, ex-

cited, nervous. A sailor chain-smoked a pack of cigarettes and begged more from his friend. Women took out make-up compacts and primped. The crowd was tight, impolite, rude. Everyone sat anxiously on the edge of his chair. Conversations were spasmodic. No one wanted to talk; no one wanted to read. Jokes seemed ill timed, meaningless.

A sailor talked with a woman in Crescent City, California. A Red Cross girl talked with her mother in Council Bluffs, Iowa. The civilian couple "sweat out" their call to Brookline, Massachusetts.

My name had not been posted on the bulletin board. I checked with the chief operator, who told me New York was busy trying to contact for me. Such contacts were usually made hours before the call was set to alert the party in the States against actual call time.

I returned to the waiting room and sat down to wait an indefinite time. What could have gone wrong? Would Beth not be contacted at all? Had the operators slipped up somewhere along the way? Would we miss the chance to talk? I walked the floor around the

long table in the room. I tried to worry others with my difficulties. No one would listen. They had their own thoughts.

The loud-speaker came on.

A girl's voice with an Italian accent called, "Corporal Ed Waite! Ed Waite! Report to booth number one for your call!"

I thought there must be some mistake, but it was my name. I stumbled to the booth and grasped the receiver. I waited. I heard nothing. Operators along the distance talked back and forth.

An operator in New York said, "Mrs. Beth Waite, are you ready to take your call from Rome, Italy?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm ready! Hello, Ed?"

It was her voice! It was Beth's voice, clear as I remembered it from thirty-four months ago.

It seemed only an instant when a voice said into my telephone receiver, "It is the end of your three minutes."

"Operator, we weren't quite through. Can't you give me a three-minute extension?" I begged.

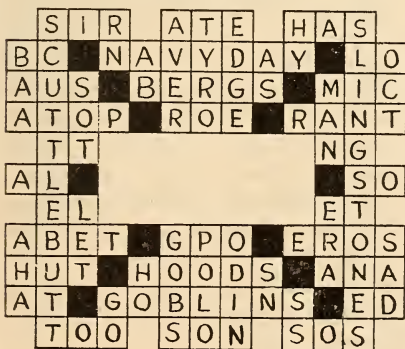


A moment's silence; then, "Go ahead, please."

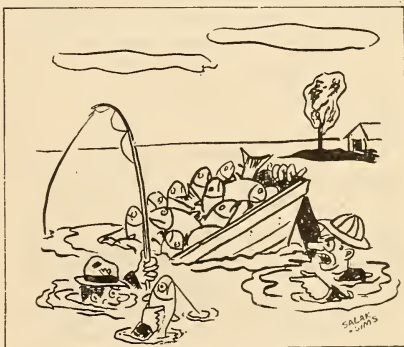
Again, for a moment, distance between Rome, Italy, and Newkirk, Oklahoma, was laid aside. The quiver in Beth's voice as she said, "Is that you, Ed, darling?" stopped my heart in its wild flight.

SOLUTION TO NAVY DAY CROSSWORD

(Puzzle on page 21)



* "I told you we had enough fish! Durn it!"





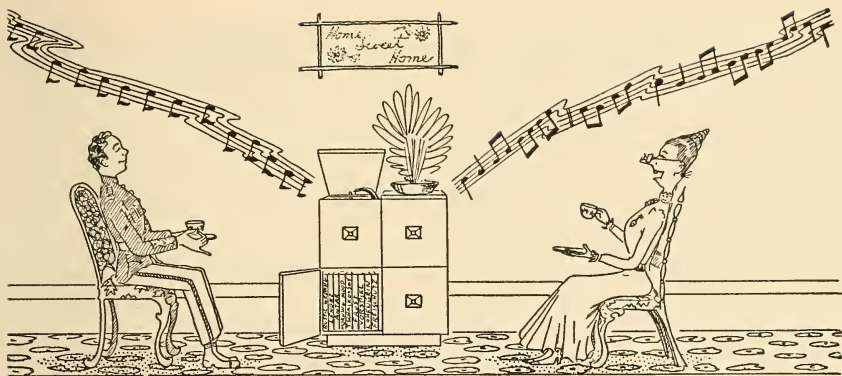
Top Record of the Month:

I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight . . . P.S. I Love You—Johnny Desmond, MGM. MGM Records has added another great song stylist to its roster. A song stylist you'll all be raving about before long. It's young Johnny Desmond, currently the heartthrob of the new coast-to-coast NBC ainer, "The Teen-Timers Show," and star of his own television show. Johnny Desmond's story could really be labeled one of the fortunes of war. For Johnny, unlike many GI's, first tasted the wine of success as a result of his service in the Army. Although Johnny practically grew up on radio—he used to be a boy soprano and sang with kid programs in Detroit—it wasn't until he entered the Army that he achieved national—yes, and international—prominence as the favorite singer of GI's all over the world.

This first coupling establishes two things about Johnny. He can tear at your heart strings with his ballad interpretations—and he's strictly a man with an individual style and voice. Both these tunes are favorites of yesteryear. The first side was the ballad hit of the 20's, and Johnny's slow-paced heart-

felt rendition captures all its nostalgia. A piano and guitar maintain the musical mood in the background as Johnny sings this sad but beautiful song of love. The reverse reached a peak of popularity in the mid 30's and was one of the many top tunes of that decade. Many of you will remember this melodic ballad. Johnny's voice is shaded with indigo as he writes his gal a letter and remembers to say, "P.S. I Love You." You'll go for the intimate styling Johnny gives this fine tune. And we think you'll go for a really terrific voice that will rise high in the music world.

Interlude . . . How High the Moon—Stan Kenton, Capitol. The first is another step down the path Stan Kenton is traversing with his new ideas in music. This side is an instrumental offering with Kenton leading off with his piano and being heard prominently throughout, the orchestra playing through to set the slow, moody pace. The reverse is an up-tempo illustration of Kenton's "progressive jazz." June Christy fits her vocal in very nicely with the tricky arrangement as the band goes through its paces guided by Stan's progressive baton.



Bubble-Loo, Bubble-Loo . . . Why Don't You Do Right—Peggy Lee, Capitol. This is a slow, smooth romantic ballad sung by Peggy Lee against Dave Barbour's musical backdrop. Peggy's silky voice does credit to the delightful lyrics as she conveys the proper feeling and sentiment with her lush pipings. The other side is that well-known novelty number from a few seasons back, released here with Peggy Lee giving out with the words and hubby, Dave Barbour, providing the musical setting.

My Happiness . . . Tea Leaves—Ella Fitzgerald, Decca. The top side is a sentimental ballad done with dignity and finesse by Ella Fitzgerald, accompanied by The Song Spinners—a new and exciting tune with an up-to-date flavor. The reverse is another ballad tune with dramatically nostalgic lyrics and a melody that you'll be singing yourself before long.

Tchaikovsky: *June* (Barcarolle in G Minor, No. 6 from "The Months, Op. 37a"), *November* (Troika en Traineaux in E, No. 11 from "The Months, Op. 37a")—Jose Iturbi, pianist, RCA Victor. During Jose Iturbi's career as concert pianist, conductor and screen actor he

has been identified consistently with the presentation of time-honored and popular classics. The RCA Victor release of *June* (Barcarolle in G Minor) and *November* (Troika en Traineaux) from Tchaikovsky's "The Months" finds him playing two pieces that have been concert hall favorites through the years. Iturbi's brilliant technique and gift for negotiating melodies of rare beauty make this a priority on every music lover's record list.

John Field: *Nocturne in Major ("Midi") in Rondo Form* and *Nocturne in E Minor*—Denis Matthews, piano, Columbia. John Field, the 19th-century Irish pianist and composer, is too little known; and these two nocturnes performed by the contemporary English pianist, Denis Matthews, serve fortunately to introduce to many Americans one of the charming composers Ireland has produced. A pupil of the great Clementi, Field's *Nocturnes* set a new style for his day and won the admiration of no less a master of the form than Frederic Chopin. Today they will win that of all lovers of the romantic style. Denis Matthews gives them a colorful and singing interpretation.

Writing as a Hobby

By Joseph Charles Salak

Chapter Two

Preparation

NOW for a few hints in writing Do's and Don't's.

Watch your spelling and your punctuation carefully. Be on the safe side; check and recheck your material when it is finished. Even typographical errors detract from a story so it is wise and worth while to be careful.

In nonfiction you will find it necessary to use quotes. Often these direct quotations will originate in your imagination. This is a legitimate device to dramatize the truthfully reported facts.

In joke, gag or humorous writing you tell the story in much the same style as a radio comedian puts across a gag, or as you would tell a joke to a friend. When you relate a joke you save the punch line for the very end. Were you to give it away at the start the joke would be spoiled. The same routine is followed in writing short-short stories with their surprise endings.

When writing fact articles about a person or incident, you as the writer must omit your personality completely. No time should be wasted on trivial details.

In writing hobby articles (all of the above and this will be discussed more thoroughly later) you tell the news compactly, with immediate emphasis on the hobby. Contrasts should be effectively shown. Then the story is gradually spun out, with just enough details near the lead to give the essence of the story. This is followed by explanatory

and revealing quotations concluding with the "who's who" or "what's what" material. This arrangement is perfect.

Often you will find it necessary to interview hobbyists. In that case you tell their stories pretty much in their own words. There may be some phrases you will want to pick up. Direct quotations, for instance, should be used verbatim. But by and large, make the story something of your own writing creation. Here you are permitted to give your fancy freer rein as long as you do not obviously thrust forward your own personal opinions or transgress the generally accepted rules of good taste. Exercise a reasonable amount of restraint. And avoid long sentences. They tend to get unwieldy and all too often confuse rather than enlighten the reader. When you find yourself packing too much detail into a sentence, weed out some of it and put it in a separate sentence.

The quality of brevity is essential. Do not pad your writing with nonessentials. Do not philosophize unless it has direct bearing on the story. By story we mean fiction, nonfiction, feature articles and filler items.

In giving the age of a person in a story, especially in newspaper work, the figure is enough. Most papers don't use "years old." In fiction the age is spelled out.

It is not good style to start a story by telling the reader that it is interesting, tragic, humorous or whatever the

case may be. Tell the facts and let the reader judge for himself.

The idea behind this study is to get your work into print. Once you see some of your material published you will be sufficiently inspired to continue and the steps that follow will be comparatively easy.

Again it is suggested you get a copy of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*. Turn to the sports section and study the "Wake of the News" department conducted by Arch Ward. This is strictly a contributors' column, but as a result of having their mental children published most of the writers have had books published. Over 500 contributions are received daily, of which approximately 20 brief items are selected for daily publication. They range from jokes, gags, quatrains, poetry, and witticisms on the day's news, to gems of philosophy. Everything published here is presumably original. To have your work accepted in this world-famous department is like hitting the jack pot. Study a few issues of the *Tribune's* "Wake" and try expressing your talents to this department. Don't expect to hit it the first time, but try day after day until you do. When your submission is published here, it can be considered a definite confirmation that you have what it takes to be a writer. The "Wake" does not pay for published material. BUT you can clip out your printed material, paste it to a sheet of paper, type below it *Chicago Daily Tribune* and submit it to the various Digest magazines, who, if they accept it will pay you generously. These magazines include *Reader's Digest*, *Magazine Digest* and others listed in your writer's magazines.

That is your first assignment. Make the "Wake." Now let us try for one of the smaller markets. *Wildfire*, 1435

Second Avenue, Dallas 10, Texas, uses short stories from 1000 to 1500 words including detective and murder mysteries. They pay in prizes for accepted material, but it is a good market for the amateur free-lancer. Study a few issues before submitting your stories.

Paramount *Collector-Hobbyist*, Box 864, Denver 1, Colorado, purchases short articles on hobbyists and various phases of collecting. You can write about your own hobby for this publication. Add something new to it and insert a little unusual novelty in the way you present it. Financial returns are low, but again it is a step forward.

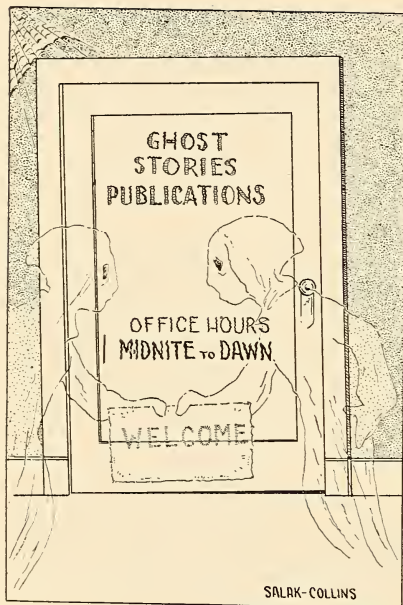
Quatrains

For a little mental exercise let us create a few quatrains, those tempting four-line poems, the second line of which rhymes with the last.

More than 200 years ago Sam Butler,



"MISS ARCHER WRITES HOUSEHOLD HINTS."



author of "Hudibras" gave a complete course in writing rhymes when he said:

*"... those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient at one time."*

Study that. It reveals how to write poetry. The question now is how to write quatrains and where to get your ideas. Okeh, let us analyze some of my published items. By now you are well acquainted with the fashion storm, which has slightly abated, over the "new look" and the extremely long dresses. That turmoil inspired this:

*Man will ever wonder why
Women gifted with beautiful limbs
Conceal their shapely splendor
With dresses down to their shins.*

During the cold winter spell, I conceived this published item:

*Where's the guy who last summer said,
"Is it hot enough for you?"
I'd like to meet him now
And tell him a thing or two.*

Study those quatrains and search around for some idea that amused or interested you and transform it into a rhyme.

Bearing in mind that quatrains are four lines in length, usually based on an event, story or humorous thought, and are narrative in style, you can try:

Know Your Bible Company, 317 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati 2, Ohio. They are asking for 500 verses every month and pay from \$1 to \$5 for each one accepted. Submit as many as you wish, numbering them in sequence. Verses must be from four to eight lines in length, not over 10 words to the line. They must be based on some chapter in the Bible and presented in such a manner as to draw interesting parallels between the stories recorded in the Bible and the events of modern everyday living. Include the chapter and verse number in the Bible upon which your original verse is based. Do not preach in your verses. Be nonsectarian and noncontroversial. Include stamped self-addressed envelope.

Gag Writing

From quatrains to gag writing is a simple transition. Gags or jokes should be typed on three-by-five-inch filing cards. Number each gag, keep a duplicate of it, and send them out in batches of 15 to 30. They must be original; do not copy published gags or jokes. Create your own. It isn't difficult once you find the sunshine behind the clouds of daily living. Always include return postage and have your name and address on each gag card. Before submitting gags, study the published cartoons, select the artist whose humor and presentation strikes a responding chord in your funny bone. Then write to that artist in care of the magazine where his work appears. Tell him you

write cartoon gags and would like to submit some for his consideration. Do not send your material until you receive his go-ahead signal. Most cartoonists pay from 15 to 30 per cent after your gag is accepted, illustrated and published.

Here is an example of a gag:

A fireman is climbing down a long ladder, rescuing a young lady from the third floor of a burning hotel. She is loaded down with table lamps, towels and pictures. The weary fireman remarks: "Have you left anything?"

Another idea and its presentation for a two-panel cartoon:

In first panel hobo asks housewife if she has any odd jobs.

Second panel shows housewife washing clothes and the hobo standing with the clothesline, on which are shown towels, hose and sheets. The line is strung in the back yard from one post and the other end is tied around the hobo's neck. (Can you think of an

"odder" job?) *Hobo News* took both of these.

If you wish to pursue this subject further I recommend that you order *How To Write Gags For Cash*, illustrated folio for \$1, from American Success Aids, 309 West Grand Avenue, Bellmore, New York.

Your public library has a number of books on writing humor, fiction and non-fiction. Perfect your style by studying these books.

There isn't any completely outworn gag, joke or quatrain or story plot. The only blood transfusion necessary is in the form of a new and fresh approach. Once you have that you are on the trail of an acceptance check. Tack this reminder above the dresser mirror in your room:

"A FRESH APPROACH"

The concluding chapter on this work will deal with filler items and creating the feature hobby article.





IN HIS revealing book, *The Religion of Maturity*, John Wick Bowman, winner of the \$7,500 Abingdon-Cokesbury award, has this to say:

"The prophets, like other men, no doubt reflected on the contents of their minds and like them experienced their intuitions. Reflection, however, presupposes the presence of a previous content upon which the mind may react, and our problem is to discover the source of that content which the prophet claims to be the 'voice of God.' Were these men religious 'geniuses' or were they, as they professed, really in contact with the living God?"

This much, according to Mr. Wick, we know: "These men were subjected to the rigor of moral and psychological conditioning calculated to make or break the strongest natures. They were surrounded by the unethical and irreligious allurements of the eastern and western paganism over a period of several hundred years, and the story of how they resisted these enticing charms is one of the most thrilling sagas written into the experience of man."

I once knew an inventor who claimed that inventors, broadly speaking, are conditioned as were the prophets of old, to be "receiving sets" where ideas are concerned. He insisted that the true inventor is the most modest and self-effacing of men, because he stoutly believes that he himself deserves no credit

whatsoever, over and beyond the fact that as a sensitive "receiving set" he happened to be tuned in, when an idea was being broadcast. Where the idea originated, Who was doing the broadcasting, this particular inventor failed to know, but that the idea came from the Infinite, he never for an instant doubted.

This, insisted my friend, explains why not one, but numerous identical patents are applied for from all over the world, within the space of a very few months. The date of arrival at the United States patent office in Washington depends only upon the aptness of the inventor in sending in his "conception drawing," and his speed in mailing the thing. Records in black and white at the national Patent Office appear to support this theory.

Now the thing that puzzles some of us is not how to become a receiving set for an idea, or for the voice of God, but how to WANT TO BECOME a receiving set for—well, for anything!

Perhaps teachers and parents and the Church fail in salesmanship! Perhaps those of us who have found the Right Road fail to sell that road to those about us. Perhaps those fortunate souls who are themselves sensitive receiving sets for the Infinite are too comfortable in their own rare good fortune to bestir themselves.

At least there is one thing we who find within ourselves a spark of curiosity about the matter can do. We can "expose" ourselves to Christians who have profound convictions, to creators of ideas, to authors of books like *The Religion of Maturity*, for instance, and maybe—well, maybe we, too, will find both faith and personal salvation. We too, may ultimately become sensitive "receiving sets" for the voice of God.

—MARK CRANE

After Two Years in Japan



By Chaplain Claude E. Strait

PART VIII—CONCLUSION

Christianity

FIRST of all, we must realize that before the war less than one half per cent of the Japanese people professed Christianity; the total number was approximately 300,000. According to reports these were divided into 100,000 Roman Catholics and 200,000 Protestants.

Out of 2,000 churches in Japan more than a fourth were burned or torn down. About 325 ministers lost their libraries in the fires. Members lost their homes and were compelled to live in the rural areas.

Even after two years not much had been accomplished in the way of reconstruction. Materials and money are scarce. Exorbitant prices are paid for black market materials—if they are available. Many ministers are conducting services amid the ruins of their churches, in private homes, or any available space.

Almost half of the Christian schools

and colleges were destroyed. Most of them are carrying on in borrowed buildings.

While there is a challenge confronting us now as never before realized in Japan, we cannot rest on our laurels and say that Japan will rapidly become Christianized. It will require an increased number of missionaries and teachers, unlimited resources, prayer, sacrifices, and hard work. The opportunity is ripe and America should not let it slip by; a further statement is made on this point later in the chapter.

Influence of American Soldiers

As I have stated before, many of our American soldiers are exerting a good influence—others are doing a great deal of harm. Army chaplains realize more and more each day that the American people must exalt the standards and ideals of the Christian home and the Church. Our people have grown very lax

in teaching the Bible and the beliefs of the Church. Perhaps that is the greatest reason many of our soldiers do not properly represent a Christian nation. And if they do not live and conduct themselves in a manner consistent with Christian ideals and principles, uphold standards of moral and spiritual attributes, it cannot be expected that the chaplains can change them all.

However, many officers and enlisted men have acted in a missionary capacity. Many have conducted Bible classes, Sunday schools, made hospital visits, helped to organize orphanages, and established medical clinics. On Saturday evenings American soldiers sponsor the "G.I. Gospel Hour" in Tokyo and Yokohama. This type of meeting has spread to all parts of Japan.

Plans are also under way to reestablish a Y.M.C.A. and its former buildings. This organization is sponsoring various civic programs, teaching Bible classes, and participating in church work.

It is rumored that a large Christian university, costing several million yen, will be built in Tokyo. It is hoped that the Protestant American churches will realize the importance of such an undertaking. One of the finest ways to promulgate Christian principles will be through the schools, colleges and universities.

It has been estimated that only about one fifth of the Japanese people patronize Shinto shrines. One hundred ten thousand Shinto shrines no longer receive support from the state for their upkeep. It has been difficult, especially for the large shrines, to operate efficiently. In spite of the stress placed on Shintoism before and during the war at least ninety-five per cent of the Japanese people have remained Buddhists.

Over a year ago the Reverend Kiyoshi

Hira, General Secretary of the Japan Bible Society for Gift Bibles, presented 820 members of the Diet each with a Bible. The Bibles were the gift of the American Bible Society.

There have been many requests from schools, factories and companies for Bibles. It has been estimated that a quarter of a million Bibles were sent to Japan last year. Recently 50,000 more arrived from America; 2,000,000 more are expected soon. Instructors are sent from Headquarters, Church of Christ in Japan, to teach the Bible to Japanese. Volunteers from numerous sources are aiding Christian education.

Another important endeavor to make the Bible easier to comprehend is a translation of the Bible by Japan's Bible scholars, using only 1,800 Japanese characters.

Groups Interested in Christianity

The Reverend W. K. Bunce, Religious Section Chief, SCAP, has pointed out that four groups are taking an interest in Christianity. "First, are the intellectuals who seek knowledge. The second are those who are simply curious. The third are those drawn by the general interest in everything foreign. Finally are those who seek in Christianity satisfaction of deeply felt spiritual needs."

Seeking an answer to the question as to the sincerity of the people regarding Christianity, we reach the following conclusion. There are perhaps 500,000 true followers of Christianity. Another 1,500,000 are definitely interested. Whether or not they are qualified to be classified as true converts is another question.

Many oriental customs must be altered before Christian thought can be substituted. For example, the solemn rites for a deceased person differ entirely from our own. When a person dies

Buddhist priests are invited to read sutras (scriptures) beside the dead person. The body is washed and placed in a coffin. After twenty-four hours the body is cremated and the ashes buried. This is almost a universal custom.

The religious ceremony takes place in the temple—in the funeral hall of the grave yard. There are chantings from the scripture, accompanied by the ringing of gongs, bells, or other instruments. A prayer is recited for the safe return of the soul to the other world. The priest moves away from the urn bearing the ashes and neighbors and friends come in. The procession is headed by men carrying artificial flowers. After the interment the spirit-tablet is returned to the family altar and for forty-nine days a priest returns to the home every seven days and reads the scriptures.

A Shinto funeral is similar to a Buddhist ceremony. At the Shinto funeral offerings of flesh of any kind, as well as of vegetables, are made. Instead of burning incense, strips of white paper (*nusa*) and twigs of the sacred sakaki tree are offered. The priest elaborates in a long prayer the outstanding events in the life of the deceased.

Customs cannot be changed overnight nor can Christianity be forced upon the people. It must be a gradual process.

Sometimes a family, for example, accepts Christianity purely out of loyalty or in appreciation for many kindnesses. It is better to be patient and to know that loyalty to Christian ideals will persist indefinitely rather than just to say another convert has been achieved.

We know definitely that many are hungering and thirsting for spiritual food. Japanese people are in a spiritual void. Many have returned to their former faith; others are grasping for a saviour. It may be Christianity—or it could be

communism—or whatever affords the best economic program.

Religious Leaders Meet

Recently 1,000 religious leaders met in Tsukiji Honganji Buddhist Shrine, Tokyo, to discuss religion in Japan as an antidote to war. Representatives of all faiths, including Shintoists, Buddhists, Christians assembled for this meeting from all parts of the Empire. Among some of the guests were Prime Minister Yoshida; the Minister of Education, Takahashi; and W. K. Bunce, Chief of the Religious Section of Civil Information and Education.

Discussions were held on such subjects as how religious ideas and methods for world concord can be assimilated; how the social obligations of religion for the construction of a peaceful nation can be inaugurated; how pacificism can be promoted? I do not know what conclusions were reached, but it is gratifying to learn that such an important meeting did take place.

I have been told it is generally thought that religion has a great responsibility for building anew the spiritual resources of this nation.

Somehow, at Christmas last year the Japanese people seemed to have grasped a little finer spirit of the meaning of the coming of the Master. They have been deprived of their Christmas spirit for a long time. During the past Christmas season the department stores, like those in America, were adorned with Christmas trees, decorations and trimmings. The shanty stores and street stalls also endeavored to portray the spirit of Christmas. A Salvation Army Santa Claus appeared on the streets. Gifts of yen were made to help the poor; to remember unfortunate children.

Japanese Christian churches were in a position to make elaborate preparations

after being released from the vice of the militarists. Not only did the Japanese Christians sponsor cantatas, musicals, dramas, special services, but many hundreds of Japanese and Americans practiced together—singing together—worshiping together. Christian ministers, missionaries, and laymen stated that it was one of the greatest commemorations of the Christmas Day in the history of Japan. Practicing a philosophy that we preach—practicing the principles of a religion that we preach—this will lead more Japanese to an acceptance of Christianity than anything else.

Today the people are free. There is no coercion through the state or any higher authority. The new democratic nation of Japan needs a spring to furnish the fresh water of moral and spiritual inspiration. We believe this has been discovered. Jesus Christ is the answer. Japan must be Christianized before she can be democratized.

This poem "What I Lost In the War," by Jose Civasagui, appeared in the *Nippon Times*.

*"I lost my books,
But my Bible remained.
I lost my house
But the church remained.
I lost my friends,
But Jesus remained.
I lost everything that belonged to me,
But still I keep the things I need."*

Summary

On 15 August 1945 emancipation came to Japan. She was liberated from the shackles which had in the past enslaved her, mentally, physically, morally, and spiritually. Under the providential leadership of General Douglas MacArthur, the Allied Forces snatched a drowning nation from the sea and administered artificial respiration—the reshaping of Japan into a democratic nation. For two years she has slowly but surely revived. Today we know that progress has been made.

We know that demilitarization of Japan has been completed. The enormous military machine has been completely obliterated.

The individual's responsibility, and his proclivities, for building an evil regime have been apprehended. Many have paid the price with their lives. Some have been given life imprisonments. Others have been given long or short terms in accordance with the consequence of the crime. Not only have those been punished who were responsible for leading their country into war, but also those who mistreated our own soldiers. The famous War Crimes Trial was responsible for meting out punishment to those officials who were invested with the leadership of Japan, including the heads of the Army and Navy.

Today in Japan an offender of the law is given a trial. Common justice is meted out. The Japanese policeman has learned that cruelty and mistreatment of an individual no longer has any place in the new Japan. He is not permitted to search a home without permission. The individual rights in the home are respected.

Through the purges all militarists were eliminated from public offices, including those who supported the militarists in any way. All undesirables, including officials from the local government to the Diet, have been eliminated. They can never hold office in Japan.

Undesirable organizations and institutions have been liquidated. Safeguards have been instituted to afford inactivation. The industrial Zaibatsu has been dissolved.

Repatriation of the Japanese soldiers is almost complete.

For two years an earnest effort has been made to make the Japanese appreciate a government that recognizes the importance of the individual. We

have tried to show them that the government is a servant of the people. A constitution has been drafted, a new Diet formulated; those in authority, from the mayor of the town to members of the Diet, have been chosen by the people.

Today the Japanese people enjoy the freedom of speech, press, and worship.

The Shinto religion has been separated from the state. Shrines are no longer supported by the state. In addition, the Japanese have had their minds, as well as their educational, cultural, political, social, and religious life, freed from the regimentation of the state.

Through the Land Reform Law a Japanese can now purchase his own land even on long-time instalments, or tenants who remain will be provided with a ceiling price 50 per cent lower than the rate which formerly prevailed. Perhaps Japanese feudalism will be eliminated. Labor is asserting its rights to organize and bargain collectively.

We slowly observe that the women are going to fight to gain their rightful place in society. The family system will be altered. The youth of Japan are discovering the role they must play in a democratic Japan.

The country has undergone great change. Thus far, in this summary, we have dealt with successful events which are quite obvious. But there are still many obstacles to be overcome.

The average Japanese must fight to live—discover some means to obtain food. The Japanese government has been directed and encouraged to increase farm production and fisheries yield. Japan's shattered economy must be pieced together. She has also been directed to increase the production of lumber, coal, and other critical items. Without a doubt world trade must be inaugurated in the near future if continual progress is desired. Another common belief and hope today is that an early peace treaty must be signed. Although amazing results have been accomplished, much remains to be done.

The eyes of the world are fixed upon Japan. Our earnest hope and prayer is that a democracy will be born in Japan qualified to meet the needs of the homeland and that the ideals will be carried over into the other countries in the Far East. Herein lies the hope of more than a billion people.



These weird rock formations fashioned into stone cones by the eroding action of wind and water through the centuries, were hollowed out and used by ancient Christians as churches, hermit cells, and monasteries. They are found around Cappadocia, deep in the interior of Turkey, a wild and forbidding section. The cones in the picture are honey-combed with entrances carved in the solid rock by Christians about the 10th century.
(RNS photo)

LINK LINES

By The Editor

Team-Mates

It is a privilege for one who wore the khaki several years to salute our Navy this month. Though having worn the khaki, we are not exactly strangers to the Navy, and have possibly sailed the seas more miles and longer than some sailors. This was largely because we belonged to that hybrid group so necessary for much of World War II, *amphibious infantry*. Thus one comes to know that the air, ground and sea forces are all *one team*.

Notwithstanding this fact, in San Diego—our home town for many years—soldiers and sailors used to gang up to fight the marines. Strange, isn't it, what difference a uniform makes, or seems to make. While the color and style of uniforms may differ, though under water or in the mud there is no recognizable difference, what's inside the uniform is the thing that counts.

In October, 1942, we left Norfolk, Virginia, for parts unknown then. We were assured that up to that time the Navy had never lost a transport of troops. With Jerry submarines hatching rapidly by the month, we hoped that the Navy's excellent record would continue. Out on the Atlantic a day or two, it was revealed we were to land at Fedala and Casablanca in French Morocco. In another day or two it was learned from the German radio that they also knew we were on the way, *somewhere*.

Before dawn on 8 November we hit the beach at Fedala. The Navy and the U. S. Coast Guard had done their job

even though our little group had to swim the last few yards under a fiery welcome from enemy forces. So the Navy had come through again!

But that was not all. Many of the landing craft were demolished on the beaches, and their crewmen, unable to return to their respective ships in many instances, forthwith took up rifles and went forward with the doggies (infantrymen.) We rode the same ship, we marched over the same ground, we aided one another's wounded, we buried each other's dead. We were one team.

Again, on the invasion of Sicily, this superb team of air, sea and ground forces went to work. Again we happened to be in a group who had to swim the last few yards after the enemy had, from shore batteries, put a gaping hole through the number two hold of our LCI. As we reached the beach, the enemy poured at us a stream of machine gun bullets from a very-much-alive pillbox. The Negro mess-boy on our LCI which had broached a few yards from the shore went into action with the 20-millimeter gun on the ship's stern and quickly silenced the pillbox.

Not all the swimmers made it, but a sailor went to work with us and we fished out two who were crying desperately for help. To this day we do not know the names of the sailors who worked with us but we do know that they were on our team.

The sea, air and ground are different elements and each to be successfully maneuvered requires specialized skill, but like the baseball pitcher, catcher and first-baseman, we are able to think of them only as one team. So here's your Navy Day salute, Team-Mate!



Topic TALKS



• *Subject for group discussion (first week):*

WHEN FAITH LIGHTS OUR WAY

By Robert Caspar Lintner

• *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Why does our Christian faith bring us a feeling of sureness?* (I Kings 8:56; Psalm 23; II Timothy 1:12; 4:18)
2. *How does religious faith bring strength to us?* (Isaiah 30:15; Mark 11:22-24)
3. *Should we pray only for the things that we believe are in harmony with God's will?* (I John 5:14)
4. *What can we do to guard ourselves against temptation?* (Ephesians 6:13-18)
5. *How does our faith undergird us with consolation in our sorrow and bereavement?* (John 11:25, 26; 14:1, 2; II Corinthians 1:5)

• *Resource material:*

Can you recall the time you first saw a lighthouse or a great beacon that shone to guide aircraft? Have you never thought that your own religious faith is just such a beacon? Sometimes it is a beacon to many others besides yourself. But it is a beacon, whether its light is seen by a few or by a multitude. It is of the highest importance that you keep it shining to light the way before you.

The chief thing that faith does for us is to help us to find God. He matters most of all. If we can be sure that He knows us and cares for us, we begin to find solid ground under our feet, and to feel sure of ourselves. Here is something to remember: when you are sure of God, you are sure of *yourself*. When you have God in your heart, you are *somebody*.

Edwin Markham maintained that Christopher Columbus believed he was an agent of God in setting out to sail westward over those trackless wastes which led him at last to a new world. Doesn't this throw light on his stubborn refusal to turn back when mutiny flared all around him? A man has more than his own reputation and his own well-being at stake when he sets out on a great undertaking with God—and *for* God.

When our confidence in God gives us added confidence in ourselves, we are able to do battle with our own fears. Don't forget it: the greatest enemy of fear is *faith*. If God be with us and for us, how can we be afraid? With Him, we have more battalions than any enemy. Our faith gives us *courage*.

It was Orison Swett Marsden who wrote these words: "Courage is the divine unreason against which, as against a rock, the waves of disaster beat in vain. Say to yourself: I am unconquerable. I shall arrive. In the center of creation sits not an enemy, but my Friend. I shall arrive—what time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive. Let come what will, I shall never say I am beaten. I am not a negligible molecule, a mote in the sunbeam, a worm! . . . Failure! There is no such word in all the bright lexicon of speech, unless you yourself have written it there! There is no such thing as failure except to those who accept and believe in failure."

One of the great results of faith is that it enables us to find strength with which to resist temptation. We recall how Jesus met temptation by quoting the Hebrew Scriptures. But we should realize that the Scriptures were more than weapons in His hands; they were evidences of a character that had attained maturity as He feasted on them and on the things for which they stood.

But there is something else very significant about the way faith gives us power with which to overcome temptation: faith helps us also to see that temptation is really a *testing* that has its place in character-building and leaves us stronger for having met and mastered the test. Someone once made this declaration: "Temptation is the fire that brings up the scum of the heart." It helps, you see, to burn away the dross and leave us the stronger. Fenelon once made a similar statement in these words: "Temptations are a file which rubs off much of the rust of our self-confidence." They can bring us a touch of humility, even when we have managed to triumph.

Another of the great rewards of a

Christian's faith is his ability to find grace in bitter disappointments and even in sorrow and bereavement. Henry Ward Beecher put this very beautifully when he gave us these words: "Tears are often the telescope through which men see far into heaven." Faith looks through the tears and discovers a glorious rainbow set against the dark sky.

We should be happier and more useful Christians if we could realize how foolish it is to fear death. A veteran nurse, whose name I do not know, has written words that should greatly reassure any of us who have any fear of this thing that we call death: "It has always seemed to me a major tragedy that so many people go through life haunted by the fear of death—only to find when it comes that it's as natural as life itself. For very few are afraid to die when they get to the very end. . . .

"Something strange and beautiful happens to men and women when they come to the end of the road. All fear, all horror disappears. I have often watched a look of happy wonder dawn in their eyes when they realize this was true. It is all part of the goodness of nature and, I believe, of the illimitable goodness of God."

But we should remember another thing that happens to us when faith lights our way: it makes us *fruitful*—it enables us to show tangible results in this present life by performing deeds of love and mercy and helpfulness. James was not uttering empty words when he asserted that faith without works is dead. If faith doesn't bring forth good fruits it is not *worthy* of all the love and grace that God lavished upon us *so that we might have faith*. An orchard tree that feasts upon warm sunshine and rich loam and sweet rains but bears no fruit is not worthy of a place in the orchard.

Let's treasure our faith *and use it!*

- *Subject for group discussion:*

LIVING ADVENTUROUSLY WITH GOD

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *Can we always expect God to go before us when we set out to do something in His name?* (Exodus 13:21)
2. *Do we ever need to fear that He will not back us up in worthy and worthwhile endeavors?* (Deuteronomy 33:27; Joshua 1:2; 6:20; Romans 8:28)
3. *Do you think Abraham is a good example of a man who is willing to make religion a great adventure?* (Hebrews 11:8)
4. *Why is Christ so important to us if we would live a full life?* (I John 5:12)
5. *Why is the Christian so confident of eternal life?* (John 3:16; Galatians 6:8; I John 2:17)

-
- *Resource material:*

Some years ago a young man from one of the richest families in America did a strange thing: he turned his back upon wealth and position and enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Later he was allowed to come instead into the armed forces of his own country after we had entered the war. He had sought adventure—and had found it.

But any of us can find adventure by trying to live a victorious Christian life in the service of God. Years ago a young man took highest honors in one of the English universities and had unusually good prospects for distinction in the Church of England. But he felt a strange compulsion to dedicate his life to foreign missions. The young lady to whom he was engaged to be married would not go with him. He went alone, accomplished and scholarly, to serve humbly among the Persians. The years he spent among them did not seem to

be very fruitful. At length he fell sick, a victim to the deadly inroads of fever, and the modest entries in his journal came to an end.

Many would have said that he had thrown away a life of great promise, as prodigally as a fool would toss away his gold. But Henry Martyn had not thrown away his life. Henry Ward Beecher said of Martyn that his life was perhaps the seed-life of more noble souls than the life of any other man in the world. For scores upon scores of ministers in England and America, who have been able to bring thousands into the Kingdom of God, were inspired and given courage by the apparently wasted life of this man who chose to live adventurously with God, rather than to settle down to the comparative ease and security of an English parish.

There was another young Englishman, trained in medicine, who threshed

out a similar decision in his own mind. Instead of being just another physician in a comfortable practice in a city or a hamlet in his homeland, this young medic decided to hazard his life in a great adventure with God. So young Grenfell packed his things and set out for the bleak shores of Labrador. Do you think he was a fool? The fishing people of Labrador don't think so. And I am sure God doesn't think so.

Perhaps some of you who read these words will hear a similar Voice, speaking quietly but persistently in moments when you cannot shut its strange music out of your mind. If you hear it, better heed it—if you want to make the most out of your life. But, in all fairness to yourself and in fairness to those whom you wish to serve, you should weigh your course carefully and try to be sure God is really behind your urgings, before you set out on that adventure. Once you are sure of that, do not look back.

But not all of us are asked to hazard our lives on foreign shores and in pioneering tasks. Most of us will need to content ourselves with heroism at home. And there is tremendous need for it and in a multitude of different ways. Are you going to be a lawyer? Then be a Christian lawyer, trying to make justice an actuality, for rich and poor, for the privileged and the popular and for the downtrodden underdogs whose only claim on you is that they are innocent and friendless.

Are you determined to be a doctor? Then remember that integrity is required of you as much as learning and skill. And remember that compassion and Christlikeness will double your acceptability with those whose thresholds you will cross to bring healing and hope. It would be better for you never to get your diploma than to enter upon

your practice and prostitute your learning and your skills and desecrate the Hippocratic oath, which must be taken by all who become physicians.

Do you want to live adventurously with God? Then set out to try to reform your community and make your homeland and your world a better place for those who shall live with you and after you. Votes do count. So does sane effort to enlist the help of other voters whose principles are as high as yours, plus those who can be made to see that citizenship can be an adventure in good government and civic betterment.

Do you want to live adventurously with God? Then you can live that way. But it will really be adventure if you insist that high principles and sane reforms be realized wherever you can exert your influence.

But do not ever allow yourself to forget that adventurous Christian living and Christian citizenship, as far as you are concerned, begin in *you*! A man who is not honest will be a laughingstock if he prates about honest government to his neighbors. A man who would scurry at the first sight of opposition has no business demanding that his neighbors take risks in battling for moral standards and community decency in the places where their own bread and butter depends on the friendly cooperation of neighbors who are not as particular or as militant as they.

Living adventurously with God will start with smashing your temptations as they arise, one after another. Living adventurously will demand of you that you set out to reach high goals of integrity and drive yourself mercilessly to reach them. It is no credit to a runner that he is able to skim easily over *low* hurdles in his race.

It is no credit to a Christian if his closest friends do not know he is one!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

KEEPING YOUR DATE WITH DESTINY

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What attitude should the Christian take toward his thoughts?* (Psalm 139:23; Isaiah 55:7; Matthew 15:19, 20; II Corinthians 10:5)
2. *Can one make a habit of kindness and righteousness?* (Matthew 7:12; I Corinthians 10:31; 15:58)
3. *In what ways can we follow the example of Christ as we try to build a Christian character?* (I Peter 2:21)
4. *What destiny does God choose for us?* (John 3:16)
5. *How important is it that we try hard to realize this destiny?* (II Peter 1:10)

-
- *Resource material:*

Deep in every man is the desire to be his very best. Sometimes that desire lies dormant; sometimes it is wilfully neglected and subordinated to base whims and follies, but any man can recall it and revive it and try to build his life anew in response to its urgings.

Some very wise person has left us these challenging words: "Sow a thought, reap an act; sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny." Don't you think it will pay us to consider these words with care and with purpose?

Thought is necessary if we would be our best. And deep thought is not always easy. Goethe once said: "To act is easy; to think is hard." Concentrated thought is hard, but it is of tremendous advantage to us to have a mind thoroughly disciplined to think clearly and to think straight. Educators are therefore bent on putting a man through his

paces in such studies as mathematics and logic and philosophy. It really pays, for he is thereby trained in the valuable discipline of clear and logical thinking.

But we need to pass from thought to action. And a Christian will insist that his actions must square with moral and religious values. Said Horace Mann: "It is well to think well; it is Divine to act well." And Charles Kingsley gave us these words: "Do noble things, not dream them all day long: And so make Life, Death, and the vast Forever one grand, sweet song."

Suppose you have tried to do noble things but have failed. Then do not allow yourself to be discouraged. The fact that you tried is to your everlasting credit. Maltbie D. Babcock had this wise statement for us: "To have failed is to have striven, to have striven is to have grown." Let's try never to forget that! It's wonderful medicine for discouragement!

But deeds lead the way very easily to *habits*. Shall they be good or bad? Because they are so easily formed and because they are so difficult to break, it might be well to recall something that the great philosopher William James once wrote:

"We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or vice leaves its ever-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, 'I won't count this time.' Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve-cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out."

The most sobering thing about our habits is that they help to shape our character. We can't laugh that off! The man who habitually comes up with a bit less than his best is hurting his own character. It is not merely that his *work* is shoddy; the terrifying thing is that *he* becomes shoddy. *That* is terrifying because it makes inroads into his most priceless possession—his *character*.

Amiel was bent on stressing this tremendous importance of habits in character-building when he wrote these words:

"For the conduct of life, habits are more important than maxims, because a habit is a maxim verified. To take a new set of maxims for one's guide is no more than to change the title of a book;

but to change one's habits is to change one's life. Life is only a tissue of habits."

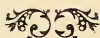
We can scarcely overestimate how important it is to build the strongest character possible. I think it was Robert E. Speer who stressed this in these sobering words: "Build character for God. Make it four-square, with a spiritual side, a moral side, a mental side, and a physical side. On the spiritual side square it with Jesus Christ; let it be your ambition to be as spiritual as your Master; on the moral side be satisfied with nothing less than the standard set by Christ, Himself; on the mental side let the thoughts of God rule, and on the physical side strive to make the body as clean as you believe was the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. Build the whole life for God."

Surely we know by now that a man's character and his destiny are closely bound together. We do not presume to say that a good man is sure to succeed in this life, but we can be sure that his goodness will *improve* his chances for success. A man with even the most mediocre talents will be a more successful man than he could possibly be if he were bad.

But a man's destiny reaches over into the next world—the eternal life that is the continuation and the fulfillment of this present life. Certainly character counts for *that* phase of our eternal life, even more than it does here.

A man's highest destiny is to be at home with God yonder in the ageless aeons of eternity!

Are you trying to keep *your* date with destiny?



- *Subject for group discussion:*

HOW DOES A MAN BECOME GREAT?

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *How important is inspiration to us?* (Job 32:8)
2. *Is it important for God to guide us in our imaginations?* (I Chronicles 28:9)
3. *What should be our greatest ideal?* (Ephesians 4:13)
4. *Why is self-control so important?* (Proverbs 16:32)
5. *Why did Jesus put such stress upon humility and service as proofs of greatness?* (Matthew 18:4; Mark 10:44)

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- *Resource material:*

What do you think are some of the marks of true greatness? Are these the things you would advise someone to build into his life in order to be great? If you were to name a few of the qualities which are most necessary to greatness, what would they be?

Wouldn't you name *imagination* as a necessary quality in the life of a great man? There are times when we must look beyond the materials of life and reach out in imagination to picture things we would like to see come true. Leigh Hunt pointed out that there are two worlds: one the world that we can measure easily enough, and then the other world that we *feel* with our *hearts* and our *imagination*. The man who achieves greatness will learn to be at home in those two worlds—the world of tangible things and the other world of feeling and ideas—the bright, good world of imagination.

In the world of imagination a man conceives a bridge or an airplane or a great piece of legislation or literature

or a plan of social improvement. Do not fail to find your own niche in this world of the unseen. It will help you to greatness.

Said R. F. Horton: "Success lies, not in achieving what you aim at, but in aiming at what you ought to achieve, and pressing forward, sure of achievement here, or if not here, hereafter."

Blunt old Thomas Carlyle had sage words for us too: "Here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this for a truth: the thing thou seekest is already here, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see." So use your *imagination*—and use it hard and well!

This brings us very easily to something else: set up high *ideals* and follow them if you would be both good and

great. It was Edgar White Burrill who challenged us with these words: "Our duty to God is to make of ourselves the most perfect product of divine incarnation that we can become. This is possible only through the pursuit of worthy ideals." Nothing can take their place.

Or listen for a moment to the great Phillips Brooks: "The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing—where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do."

If our imagination and our ideals together can lay hold of *that larger something*, we are then on the way to true greatness.

But we shall need something more—*industry or hard work*. Many of the inventions of Thomas A. Edison would never have been given to the world if he had not had a remarkable gift for hard work.

Someone who knew William Jennings Bryan well has told of his remarkable capacity for work. He traveled all over this land in his campaigns for the presidency and in his many lecture tours. We are told that he would fall asleep sometimes in a chair and then waken after a short time—and perhaps in the middle of the night—perfectly refreshed and ready for a session of hard work again.

Happy is the man who has found the work he loves to do and can put himself into it, day in and day out. I wish every young man and every young woman could read these words of R. G. Collingwood: "There is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is free to go on doing, day after day, the best work one can do, in the

kind one likes best, and that this work is absorbed by a steady market and thus supports one's own life. Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do." If you're looking around for greatness, think that over!

Humility seems to find its way into the make-up of great men. Perhaps you have heard George Walter Fiske's story of a cartoon appearing one June in a New York paper. A young woman in cap and gown, with a college diploma and plenty of self-satisfied dignity, was face to face with the grim visage of the old World himself. He greeted her very casually, much as if to say, "Well, whom have we here?" Replied the pained young graduate: "You evidently don't know me. I am Virginia Cordelia Smith, A.B." "My dear girl," replied the World, "come with me and I will teach you the rest of your alphabet."

Said James M. Barrie, "Life is a long lesson in humility."

We remember that the Great Teacher surprised some of his smug hearers one day when He said: "*Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.*" (Mark 10:14.)

But even more astonishing was His teaching about the necessity of service: "*Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you: but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.*" (Mark 10:42b-45.)

The Greatest was telling us how to be great!

- *Subject for group discussion:*

THE LAMPS WE DO NOT LIGHT

- *Questions and Scripture references:*

1. *What did Jesus mean when He referred to John as a light that burned and shone?* (John 5:35)
2. *Why did Paul remind Christians of his day that they also were lights?* (Philippians 2:14-16)
3. *How did Jesus remind us that our influence is as light?* (Matthew 5:14-16)
4. *Is it true that we influence others, whether we are conscious or unconscious of doing so?* (Romans 14:7)
5. *How can we follow Paul's admonition to Timothy to be an example to others?* (I Timothy 4:12)

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- *Resource material:*

Isn't it well for us to realize frequently how unconsciously and how constantly we influence others? Isn't it a good thing to remember that our own speech and conduct should be scrutinized carefully because of the influence we have?

These words from the pen of Amelia D. Barr are very suggestive and challenging: "The desire to begin over again is one of those longings so common and universal that we may say it is a native instinct . . . that we have failed, and failed again and again, need not intimidate us for a new trial. Aspirations, imperfections, and failures are intimations of future achievements. Defeats foretell future successes. The sin to be dreaded is the unlit lamp and ungirt loin. Our light must be burning, however dimly, and we must keep on the right road, however often we stumble on the way. Under no circumstances can it be true that there is not something

to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. Let us sit down before the Lord and count our resources, and see what we are *not* fit for, and give up wishing for it. Let us decide honestly what we *can* do, and then do it with all our might."

That phrase about the unlit lamp has tremendous implications. In a world where Jesus thought it important to remind us that we must shed our own brave light, we fail often to light our lamp. It's true! And it's true in more ways than we may like to think, for we do not like to think too much about our shortcomings, you and I. But we *should* think about them, not because it is pleasant but because it is highly profitable.

One of the splendid ways in which good influence is imparted is through the teachings—and the life—of a capable and high-principled teacher, as we all

must have discovered for ourselves by this time. Years ago James A. Garfield had a great teacher, Mark Hopkins. So well did this teacher do his work—and reach beyond it—that his famous pupil once declared that the ideal college would be a log with a student on one end of it and Mark Hopkins on the other. A good teacher gives his students glimpses of character and appreciations of real and abiding values that outlast the examination papers and outweigh the marks received. The acquiring of facts and formulae and rules is tremendously enriched if the student gets also the warmth and inspiration of personal contacts with teachers whose influences will always enrich and enlarge his life.

This was supremely true of the life and the teachings of Jesus. He taught, and He then proceeded to *live* what He taught and more than He taught. His words were caught up by others who also tried to make them come alive in deeds and in high purposes to do even greater things in His name. All the great reformers in the later Christian centuries owed their inspiration to Him. Great men in many lines of work caught their inspiration from Him, and we thus came to have great preachers, poets, philosophers, scientists and others who lighted their lamps from His, in faith and consecration, and went out to lift them high to beat back the darkness in the world around them. Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, Milton, Melancthon, Knox, Huss, Watts, Tennyson, Whittier and a host of others have held lighted lamps for us, and *they never would have held them but for Him.*

But what of the *unlit* lamps? One dark night a group of sailors went out for a good time. One of them felt impelled to light his lamp—to take a firm

stand against the evil thing that was proposed. He was respected, and his lamp, if he had lighted it, would have shown the way and given strength to some of them who silently waited for his strong stand. But he was very sure someone would only think him a sissy and he did not give them the gift of light.

A group of sailors talked casually of many things and then there came a moment when anti-Semitism flared and a fine Jewish boy in their midst felt his face crimson. Another, his close friend, had it in his heart to speak up boldly and ward off the cowardly blow, but he “thought better” of it and kept his lips sealed. He held an unlit lamp and he never quite forgave himself that he denied its radiance to his Jewish friend and the others who were grouped about him.

Perhaps you were ready yesterday to light your lamp—to speak out as a Christian and let your companions know that you follow Christ—but you decided it might hurt your popularity with the group at that moment, and so you withheld your light.

It's poor business, fellows, to have it in your power to put some light into the darkness but decide to withhold it. You may thereby withhold strength from some fellow who may go down before some temptation, in his weakness, because he listened in vain for your word—waited wistfully for a gleam of light that did not come. For you, carelessly or cravenly, held in your hand an unlit lamp. And his darkness was not pierced by the hope that you might have set there—if you had been thoughtful and strong and wise—and brave.

Let's light our lamps and hold them high!

The Master did!

Batting the Breeze



Pen Friends

I beg you to give me an address from a young man and a young girl from the youth work of yours that I may become acquainted with a young Christian of another nation to firm Christian fellowship and friendship in the wide world.

But this one thing I might beg you else. Is it possible to send me some theological books in English (biographies of great men of good)? Here, I cannot buy such books; they will not be printed.

Excuse me please that I wrote such a letter, but I know I can depend on the Christian brothership.

*Rudolph Weissbach
Lemgo 1 Lippe (21a)
Bismarck Str. 5
British Zone, Germany*

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Our reply to Mr. Weissbach included a suggestion that he have his YMCA secretary write us requesting a monthly copy of THE LINK for reading room use.)

One day after arriving in Korea I noticed a copy of THE LINK on the bookshelf for religious material. I read it, enjoyed it and have been reading all that come out.

If possible as a favor to me could you forward my address, in order that I might find someone to write to, who will acquaint me with his way of life.

*Pfc. James L. Philopy, 13234040
793rd AF BU, 163 AACS Sq. Hq.
APO 712, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California*

I am trying to get in touch with an American pen friend, male or female. I wonder if you know someone who would be interested in opening up a correspondence with me, a German guy.

There are a few things you should know first, I suppose. I am 36 years of age, married and a druggist by profession. For the time being, however, I don't exercise my job, I am working as interpreter at the 120th Station Hospital, BAYREUTH. It is but six weeks ago since I was released from captivity and have been at home again after four years of separation. I am anxious to learn something of the American people, their customs and habits, their way of thought, in short something of their character.

*Hans Winkler
(13a) Bayreuth—Fichtestr. 18
U. S. Zone, Germany*

Fan Mail

Many thanks to you for the gift of another month's supply of THE LINK magazine! Many of our men eagerly reach out for the magazine when I come into their hospital rooms with an armful of THE LINK. Also several of our personnel have commented rather highly about the quality of the contents of your good magazine.

*Chaplain St. Clair Vannix
Veterans Administration
Hot Springs, South Dakota*



Famous Last Words: "If you'll just button your lip, sir, I'll explain why I didn't salute you when you passed."

—*Boston Naval Shipyard News*



Once upon a time the ferry service between heaven and hell broke down. St. Peter phoned Satan the news, remarking, "If you don't provide better service, I'll put my own men on the job."

"You don't say," snickered the Devil. "And just where, may I ask, are you going to get a Chief Boatswain's Mate?"

—*The Oak Leaf*



An asylum patient, certified cured, was saying goodbye to the director of the institution. "And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient. "I have passed my bar examination so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics so I might try acting."

He paused for a minute, deep in thought. "Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

—*The Pointer,*



During the war in England we heard the yarn about the very punctilious

British officer who was a long way from the resources of civilization. He sent for his first sergeant one day and asked him how long it was since the men had changed their shirts.

"A month, sir," was the reply.

"But the regulations state that the men must change their shirts once a week at least."

"They haven't any shirts to change into, sir," explained the topkick.

"Then let them change shirts with each other."

—*Wiesbaden Post*



An Englishman and an American were crossing the ocean on the same boat. While chatting on deck one day, the Englishman asked about the American's occupation.

"I'm a magician," the latter replied.

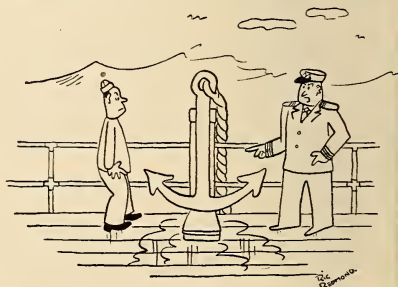
"Really! What's your specialty?"

"I make things disappear . . ."

At which time a torpedo scored a direct hit and the two voyagers found themselves in the water clinging to a piece of wreckage. Shaking the water from his eyes, the Englishman sputtered angrily:

"I suppose you think that's funny!"

—*Army and Navy Journal*



"Aren't you a bit confused, sailor, on what 'weighing the anchor' means?"

Churches and Organizations

Affiliated or Co-operating with

THE GENERAL COMMISSION ON CHAPLAINS

and the work of the

SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE

ORGANIZATIONS:

Nat'l Council of Young Men's Christian Associations
International Council of Religious Education
Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
International Society of Christian Endeavor

CHURCHES:

Advent Christian General Conference of America	Evangelical United Brethren
Baptist, General	Latter-Day Saints
Baptist, National Convention of America	Methodist
Baptist, National Convention, U.S.A., Inc.	Methodist, African Episcopal
Baptist, North American General Conference	Methodist, African Episcopal Zion
Baptist, Northern	Methodist, Colored
Baptist, Seventh Day	Methodist, Free
Baptist, Southern	Methodist, Primitive
Baptist, Swedish	Methodist, Wesleyan
Baptist, United American Free Will	Moravian
Christian Reformed	Nazarene
Christian Science	Pentecostal Holiness Church
Church of God	Presbyterian, Associate Reformed
Churches of God in North America	Presbyterian, Cumberland
Congregational Christian	Presbyterian, United
Disciples of Christ	Presbyterian, U.S.
Episcopal	Presbyterian, U.S.A.
Evangelical and Reformed	Reformed in America
Evangelical Congregational	Salvation Army
Evangelical Free Church of America	Seventh Day Adventist
Evangelical Mission Covenant	Unitarian
	United Brethren in Christ



*"When the frost is on the punkin
and the fodder's in the shock"*

— James Whitcomb Riley

